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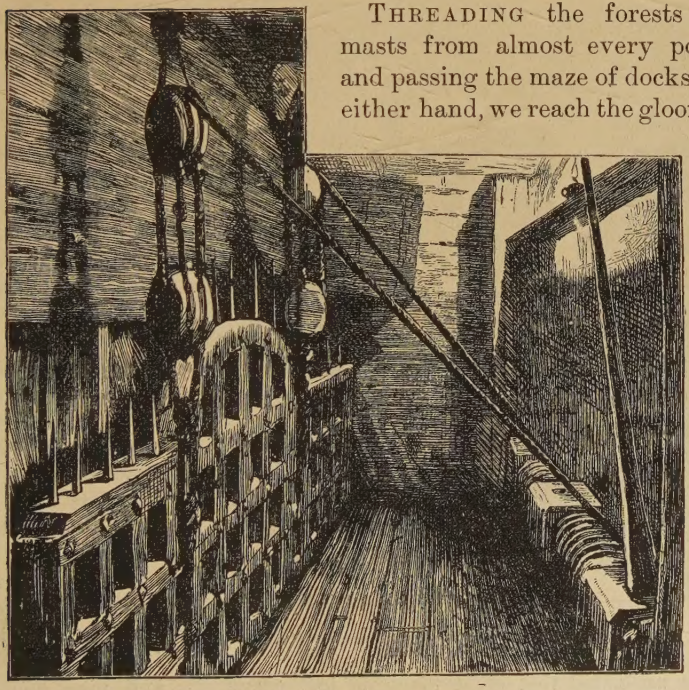
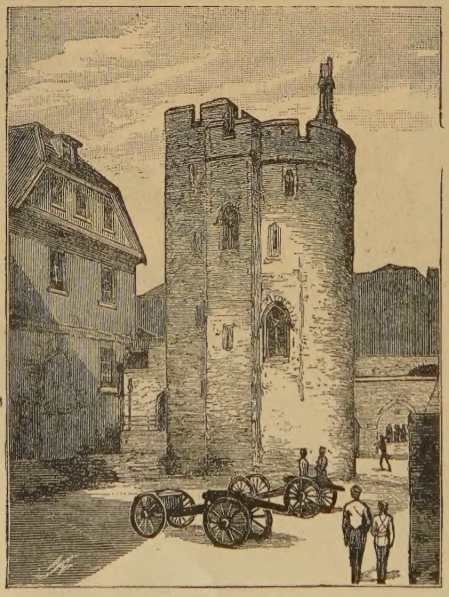
HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.



THE PORTCULLIS.

THREADING the forests of masts from almost every port, and passing the maze of docks on either hand, we reach the gloomy Tower, fraught with more tragical associations than any other structure in England, perhaps than any other in the world. Here the soil drank the blood of Fisher, More, Cromwell, Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Catharine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, Lord Admiral Seymour, the Earl of Essex, Lady Jane Grey, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, Lady Shrewsbury, Protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Guilford Dudley, Strafford,

Sir Harry Vane, Stafford, Algernon Sidney, Laud, Monmouth, Lord Lovat, Russell, and many more of England's princes, warriors, statesmen and nobles. Erected by the Norman Conqueror to overawe the turbulent and freedom-loving city, it was for centuries the grim instrument of tyranny, and here was wreaked many a cruel deed of wrong. These stern vaults are a whispering gallery of the past, echoing with the sighs and groans of successive generations of the hapless victims of oppression. Such thoughts haunt one while the garrulous Beef-eater is reciting his oft-told story of the arms and the regalia, of the Bloody Tower and Traitors' Gate, and cast their shadow of crime athwart the sunlit air.



THE SALT TOWER.

Of this old historic structure that genial tourist, the Rev. Hugh Johnston, discourses thus:

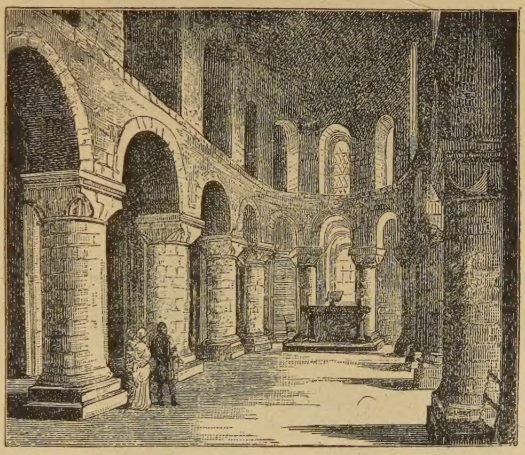
"London Bridge is the place to see the living stream of humanity, and the enormous traffic which makes London the commercial metropolis of the world. The first bridge was built A.D. one thousand, and for eight hundred years London managed with only one bridge across its river. On the top of its gates many a trunkless head was stuck upon pikes, and ghastly memories lurk under its arches. This new bridge is about fifty years old, and you get some idea of how it is crowded when it is estimated that eight thousand foot passengers and nine hundred vehicles pass over it every hour—twenty thousand vehicles pass over it every twenty-four hours, which vehicles, averaging five yards each, would extend in close file from Toronto to Hamilton, and fifteen miles beyond towards the Forest City—our new London. The persons passing daily over this bridge, marching in a column of six abreast, would extend fifteen miles up Yonge Street.

"Further down the river is Her Majesty's Tower, the most historic building in Europe. Founded by William the Conqueror, and finished by Henry III., who fortified it with high embattled walls; royal fortress, prison, palace, it is alive with English history. The Middle Tower

protects the entrance to the bridge over the moat, which is no longer filled with water. Passing along the outer ward, we notice the gloomy archway of the Traitors' Gate and the Bloody Tower, where the two children of Edward were smothered.

'The most arch-deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.'

The White Tower is a grand specimen of Norman architecture. Here we enter the armouries, with their great stores of arms arranged in the form of lilies and passion flowers. We see the heavy suits-of-mail worn in the old days of battle. Gay tournaments were given here when this was the high place of kinghood, and the very suits of armour which we see once glittered and shone on the flower of English nobility and chivalry. Where are they now? The Beauchamp Tower has held many a royal prisoner. What tears have been shed within those thick walls! What memorials are here of Dudley, and Raleigh, and the gentle Lady Jane Grey! We see the Latin inscription of Arundel over the fireplace, the interpretation of which is, 'The more suffering with Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next.'* We peep into the little room where Sir Walter slept—where he whiled away his long imprisonment with writing his 'History of the World.'



St. John's Chapel.

"The Jewel Room contains the crowns, sceptres, jewels, all the regalia of royalty. What a blaze of splendour! What wealth stored up in gold and jewels, in diadems and coronation plate! The crown of the Sovereign is a purple velvet cap, enclosed in hoops of silver, blazing with over 3,000 diamonds and the 'inestimable sapphire.' Its value is five millions of dollars. You also see in glass a model of the brilliant 'Koh-i-noor.' This gem is of great antiquity and of high historic interest, nay every one of the dazzling galaxy of diamond, ruby, emerald, and pearl has its own pedigree and legend. I understand that Her Majesty's crown has been constructed out of the fragments of half a dozen by-gone insignia of royalty and thus bears a resemblance to the British Constitution, which has been

*Quanto plus afflictione pro Christo in hoc Servitio, tanto plus gloria cum Christo in futuro.

patched and mended, enlarged and renovated over and over again. The 'Queen's Beef-eaters' are there in their picturesque dress, and velvet hats bright with blue ribbons; but alas! the jolly days of the beef-eating warders are over. Formerly they conducted you upstairs and downstairs, and rattled off their story, and got their recompense of reward in a piece of silver dropped in their hand by each visitor. How those old warders compelled you to trail at their heels and listen to their stereotyped stuff!

'For guide-book prattle when once begun,
Bequeathed by tedious sire to son,
Though often told is never done.'

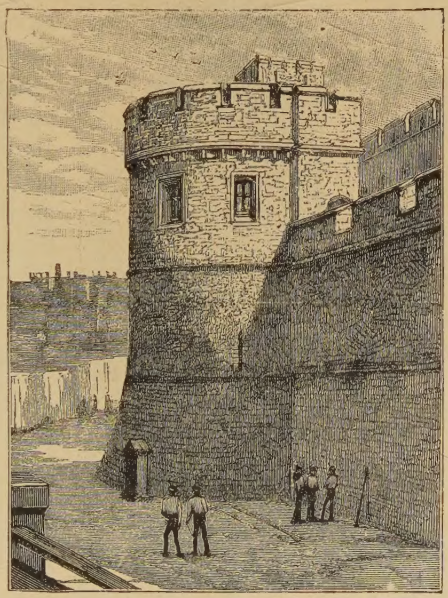
STAIRCASE TO DUNGEONS IN THE WHITE TOWER.

But times have changed. Now, the admission is free; much of the red tape is done away with; there is no waiting for a party to gather; each takes his own way. The warders stands solitary and mute, and when I offered one something for a special favour he answered in melancholy mood, 'There's no money paid for anything now.'

"O, a rare place is this glorious old structure. What conflicts it has seen! Norman, Saxon, Briton, White Rose and Red Rose, Revolution and Rebellion, Protestant and Papal. It rose with the Conqueror. It welcomed the Lady Plantagenet. It saw the haughty Tudor come and proudly go. It beheld the tyrant Stuart hurled from the throne, and hailed the Hanoverian across the seas. It has heard ten thousand thunderblasts and looked out upon unnumbered storms lashing the rock-bound coasts of the sea-girt isle. What memories it awakens! Its grim and wrinkled lines of wall work on the senses like a spell."

On the site of the Tower of London no doubt there stood a Roman fortress, but the present Tower dates from the time of William the Conqueror. It has undergone great changes, has been first a palace, then a prison, and is now a combination of an arsenal and museum. No habitable building in the known world has been the scene of stranger or bloodier historic deeds.

In its present state the Tower buildings cover an area of thirteen acres; a broad quay lies between the moat and the Thames. The square White Tower on rising ground in the centre is the ancient Keep, and dates from 1078. Its walls are fifteen feet thick. Here in 1399 Richard III. abdicated in favour of Bolingbroke; and here in 1405 was brought the young Prince James of Scotland to be kept a prisoner for nineteen years. He was seized off a ship while on his way to France for safety and education. His capture broke the heart of his old father, Robert III., but his was a far better fate than many another's in the grim Tower. He was well treated, educated, and allowed to love the beautiful Joanna Beaufort, whom later he bore away in great magnificence to Scotland as his wife, when released by Henry VI.



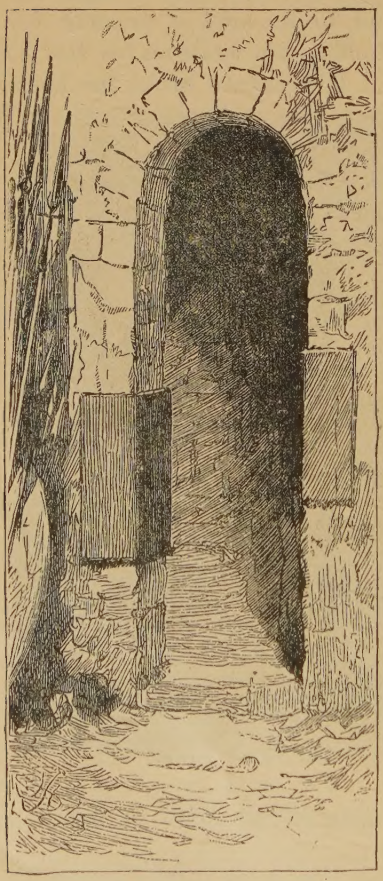
The Flint Tower.

On the second floor is the Chapel of St. John, a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture, having massive pillars, cubical capitals, an apse with stilted round arches, and a barrel-vaulted ceiling. Most of the rooms of the White Tower now contain vast stores of firearms curiously arranged.

The House Armoury near by is a modern gallery where on fully-equipped equestrian figures one may see exact copies of English war array from 1270 to 1688. In some cases the armour belonged to famous persons, as a suit of the Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite, and, older and finer still, a gorgeous suit given by Maximilian to Henry VIII. on his marriage with Catherine of Aragon.

Immediately below St. John's Chapel is Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, once a prison. In the middle of the room is the

block on which the last person was beheaded in England for high treason (a Lord Lovat, in 1747), and near by the axe with which was severed the head of the Earl of Essex. At one end of the room is a figure of Queen Bess on horseback, wearing some of her old finery. It is not lovely enough to make fancies of Artemus Ward's "figgers" seem one bit irreverent. A low door leads from this room into the gloomy cell, ten feet long and eight wide, in which for ten years Sir Walter Raleigh languished. He was twice imprisoned; condemned to death the first time, but reprieved that he might cross the ocean and bring back spoils of wealth from the Spanish settlements of America. Truly those were the days when "nothing succeeded but success." Raleigh failed, and so the most accomplished gentleman of his time was sent back to his cell, and in his sixty-sixth year, possessing all the courage and spirit of his youth, he underwent the dreadful death to which injustice condemned him.

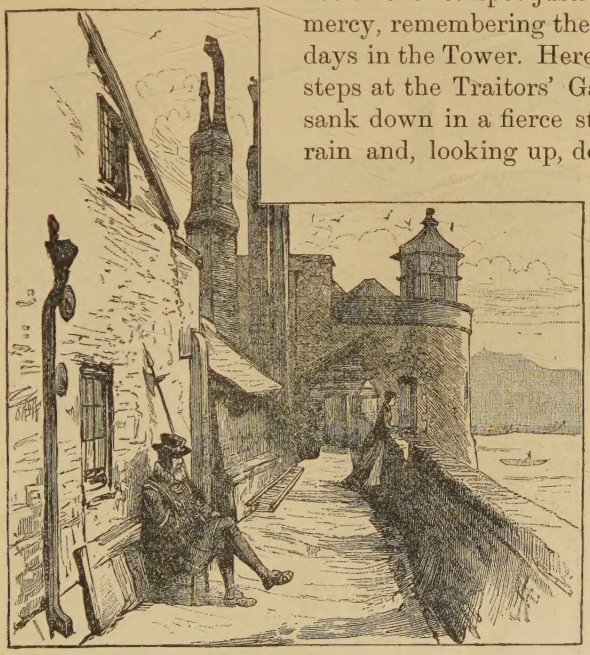


Raleigh's Cell.

The crown jewels are now kept in the Record Tower, and are, of course, exceedingly gorgeous. There are several crowns, sceptres, and the model of the Kohinoor, which is itself at Windsor Castle. The value of the regalia is about £3,000,000. In the time of Charles II. a certain Colonel Blood stole from the Tower the crown of St. Edward, the sceptre (breaking it), and the "glove." He knocked senseless the man in charge and escaped, but was soon captured. He was a smart rascal and his exploits were numerous.

The twelve towers of the inner ward were at one time all

used as prisons. In the Bloody Tower, as we have so often heard, were murdered the poor little princes, sons of Edward IV. The human bones found in a chest at the foot of the winding stairs leading to the White Tower Chapel, and supposed to be theirs, are now in a small sarcophagus in the beautiful chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. It was in the Bell Tower that Princess Elizabeth was confined by her grim sister Mary. One wonders that in later years she did not oftener temper justice with mercy, remembering these dark days in the Tower. Here on the steps at the Traitors' Gate she sank down in a fierce storm of rain and, looking up, declared,



Princess Elizabeth's Walk.

"Here cometh as good a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friend but Thee!"

There are many interesting parts of the Tower not now shown, and since the late attempt to blow up the building with dynamite, access is denied to places that were before free to visitors. The Salt Tower has a queer drawing of the Zodiac by a person kept there on the charge of being a sorcerer. In the Brick Tower Lady Jane Grey was confined, and can any one read her infinitely sad story without tears? She so beautiful, so good, so learned and loving, forced to accept an empty

title that must at once cost her the life that was so full of happiness. Not a pang was spared the tender young wife, who, with all her gentleness, had a martyr's heroism. She refused to heed the artful pleading of Romish priests, while not knowing but a recantation of her faith might some way save her. She was forced to see her husband's bleeding, headless body borne past her window. She laid down her own fair young head on the cruel block. All that and scores of just such deeds

The Bloody Tower.

have these old walls witnessed. The sides of cells in Beauchamp Tower are covered with inscriptions cut by former prisoners—coats of arms with lordly titles and doleful verses or pathetic prayers—enduring traces of fingers long, long since dust.

On Tower Hill, north-west of the Tower, formerly stood the scaffold, for executions took place in the Tower itself only in the cases of Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, and Devereux, Earl of Essex. Anne Boleyn's body was thrown into a common elm chest made to hold arrows, and was buried

before the altar in St. Peter's Chapel. This plain little chapel is at the north-west corner of the fortress. It was a rarely beautiful morning in May when the writer first stood in its ancient doorway. Outside the hawthorne was in bloom, the birds were singing jubilantly, and a gallant company of the "Queen's Own Highlanders" were manœuvring to the music of bagpipes. In the soft shadows behind, the aisles and altar looked only suggestive of holy, peaceful worship! But oh, what tales if these stones had voices!

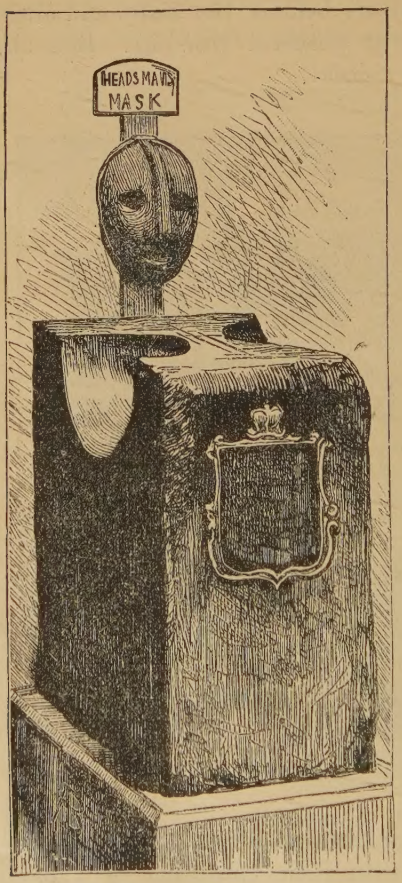
Of this chapel of St. Peter Ad Vincula and the graveyard adjoining says Macaulay: "In truth there is no sadder spot on earth. Death is not there associated, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration, and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice, of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."

Devereux Tower.

The spring sunshine never seemed sweeter than it did that morning when we came out into it with the last bit of information given us by the old man who opened the door. He said that in repairing the church, not many years ago, three cartloads of bones were put together in a crypt, being the undistinguishable bones of distinguished (!) persons.

It is of course impossible in a brief article to give a full

account of the Tower of London or any list of the famous people at times connected therewith. Naturally one dwells first on the memory of brave warriors like William Wallace and David Bruce, on the young and lovely women like Lady Dudley and Anne Boleyn, or courtiers like Raleigh and Elizabeth's beloved Essex, who from the Tower sent her that ring, the memorial and pledge, which she learned of too late to save his life and her remorse. But romance, thrilling as it is, put all aside, one may gather up soul-stirring records of less known men and women who have within these dark walls endured heroically fierce torture for the Christian faith. More than one martyr has gone forth from the Tower to be burned at St. Giles or in the hot fires of Smithfield.



Block and Headsman's Mask.

A recent vistor to the Tower thus discourses:

"Stopping to rest, I happened to look down to the large, gray marble slab on which my feet were resting; and it was with a sort of curdle in my veins that I started up, and stepped aside from it, as I read the following inscription:

"'*This stone marks the spot on which was erected the scaffold where were beheaded, Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others.*

"We were facing Beauchamp Tower, the old fortress opposite the White Tower. It is a frowning pile of very dark gray stone, grim and old, and it is claimed for it that its foundations were laid by the Romans. Its walls are ten feet thick, and there has been blood enough poured from the veins of those who have gone forth from its low door, to have cemented every stone in the huge pile.

"As we wound up the narrow, worn, stone staircase, feeling our way

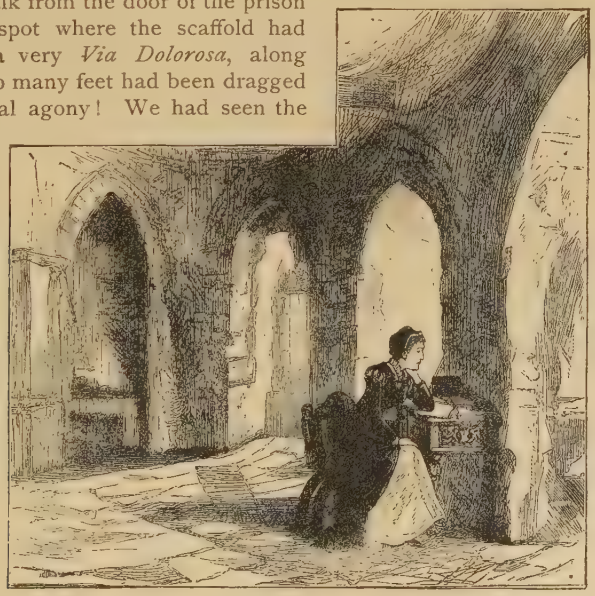
THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

through the darkness, what a rush of memories seemed to sweep over us! We were glad to reach the top of the spiral dungeon, even though it opened upon the dismal prison above, for it seemed echoing with groans.

"The octagon chamber, where such unnumbered prisoners of State have endured torture, have died in their agony, have pined for hopeless years, and have been led forth to execution, through a series of centuries, is the saddest spot we have seen in all England.

"These grim walls are scored over by the names of those who have been imprisoned here. There are prayers and exclamations in Latin and old English without number, which give one a clutch at the heart to decipher. I passed my finger over the irregular lines on the wall where Lady Jane Grey had rudely printed her name. What a world of pathos there was in the chill touch! I tried to peer through the narrow slits to find what might be seen from them; but a refined torture had placed them too high in the wall for anything to be caught but an inch or two's breadth of sky.

"What a desolate sensation it gave us to walk from the door of the prison to the spot where the scaffold had stood—a very *Via Dolorosa*, along which so many feet had been dragged in mortal agony! We had seen the



Princess Elizabeth's Prison in the Bell Tower.

block with the great axe upon it, in one of the rooms of the White Tower, stained through and through, to a rich mahogany colour, with most precious blood.

"Hawthorne says in one of his note-books, that he never entered an old cathedral without the scent of dead men's bones filling his nostrils. The words came to my mind the moment the door of St. Peter's Chapel was opened, for we almost staggered back as we stepped within these disused and unaired precincts, whose atmosphere was heavy with the odour of a charnel-house. If, as old Shirley says,—

—'the actions of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust,'

we may be excused from feeling that whatever were the actions of the 'just' men and women whose headless trunks were buried here, their bodies were very mortal.

"We stepped within the altar-rails, and stood beside the slab under which the body of Lady Jane Grey lies. I sat down on the chancel-bench over the stone which covers Anne Boleyn, and wondered if her rather ungrateful daughter had ever cared enough for this poor girlish mother to come and stand beside her resting-place.

"We feel as if we had been reading English history with illuminations, with the point of a sword, in tears and blood; or, rather, we seem to have had made visible to our eyes, as if by a flash of fiery light, what heretofore had been but mouldy tradition. We *see* poor Anne Boleyn clasping her slender throat, and *hear* her say, 'It is but a little one.' We have in sight the young Lady Jane, exclaiming in forgetfulness of her own grief, 'My poor Lord Guilford!' We catch Sir Walter's parting words, 'Be brave, my Bess; it will soon be over.' We marvel at Sir Thomas More's calm dignity, as he lays his head upon the block. We shrink from Catharine Howard's frantic agony. We hide our eyes from Monmouth's despair.

"Nowhere in all Britain does one so fully realize the strength, the glory, and the shame of England, as within these historic walls. What men and women have been martyred within them for the sake of God and king and country! What murders and assassinations and conspiracies these stones could tell of, could they speak! And what an idea it gives one of the strength and prowess and war-like spirit of this wonderful English nation, to survey this tremendous arsenal, filled with arms sufficient to defy the world. The sense of precedence and prestige girds us all about; the atmosphere of an older and wickeder world weights our very breath.

"As we leave the grim old tower we draw a sigh of relief and thankfulness; relief that human eyes can never again look upon such scenes of blood and terror, the memorials of which we have just seen; and thankfulness that the glorious progress of England has forever crushed the spirit of persecution in Church and State, and made her what she is to-day, the pride and strength of Christendom."

IN SAFE-KEEPING.

ENOUGH for me to feel and know
That He in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,
Who, girt with His immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,
Small as the clustered Pleiades—
Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VI.

SUNSET OFF BUEN AYRE.

Wednesday, November 7th.—Six hundred miles from Port Royal, we saw the little island of Buen Ayre, a dependency of Curaçoa, about thirty miles off. In the evening we had the delight of seeing one of the most magnificent sunsets that I have ever beheld. The scene filled one with wonder and awe at the mysterious loveliness of the atmospheric effects of nature. The night which followed was very fine, with a strong breeze.

I went out on the bowsprit with Tom to see the yacht tearing through the water at the rate of at least twelve knots. Every sail was drawing, and the curves of each were exquisitely graceful and full of beauty.

Saturday, November 10th.—At 7 a.m. we sighted the high land of Jamaica. Without altering our course we closed with it, and by noon were showing our colours to the light-house at Cape Morant, just on our starboard bow—not a bad landfall.

Our first view of Jamaica impressed us greatly; and no wonder; for we were gazing upon the celebrated Blue Mountains, which deserve all the epithets of admiration that have ever been bestowed on them. Rising from a richly-cultivated

Tropical Sunrise.

plain, principally of sugar-cane, we could revel in the light and shade and colour of their sides and low peaks, intersected by fertile valleys; while their summits, between 7,000 and 8,000 feet high, were hidden in masses of floating clouds and wreaths of driving mists. About two o'clock we observed an immense wall of black cloud advancing swiftly behind us—evidently a heavy squall of rain, driven before a strong wind. It was grand to see the storm-cloud rushing on, hiding the sun and lashing the waves into fury, while the peculiar hoarse roar of a tropical wind was heard in the rigging. We had by no means too much time to make our preparations before the black squall was upon us. Our pilot was in a great state of

excitement, and flew about wildly. Tom took the helm; and the men let go the topsails, lowered the peaks, and having all the ropes and gear ready on deck, reduced sail with the greatest possible rapidity. It was really a fine sight, though we could scarcely appreciate its full effect, owing to the sheets of rain that accompanied the squalls—a phenomenon peculiar to the tropics. The storm quickly passed over us without having done any harm, rushing on to the westward towards Kingston, past the chain of the Blue Mountains, which looked bluer than ever in contrast with the inky clouds.

Newcastle and the Blue Mountains.

The first view of Port Royal, of which we had not heard very encouraging accounts, agreeably surprised us, and we really thought it extremely pretty as seen by the evening light. On the other hand, we were somewhat disappointed to find that all the tempting hooks, pieces of pork, and other bait, which we had hung out from the stern as we approached the land, failed to induce a single specimen of the traditionally celebrated Port Royal sharks to pay us a visit.

A Black Squall.

From sharks to lawn-sleeves is rather an abrupt transition;

but it so happens that the chief topic of conversation on our arrival at Jamaica was the presence in the island of no less than seven bishops—the orthodox Revelation number. The object of this unusually large gathering of church dignitaries is to hold a synod for the election of a primate for the whole of the West Indies. Advantage has been taken of their presence at Kingston to discuss the question of missionary enterprise in the various dioceses, and in particular to arouse public interest in the mission to the Pongas, in Western Africa.

Sunday, November 11th.—The aspect of Port Royal at sunrise did not by any means diminish my favourable impressions of the previous day. At 5.45 the steam-launch came alongside to take four of the party to Kingston, about seven miles distant, to attend the early service at the cathedral, where three bishops, and I don't know how many clergymen, officiated, and where there were over two hundred communicants. A charity sermon of considerable force was afterwards preached by one of the bishops.

Soon after nine o'clock Commodore Prattent and my cousin, Major Edward Woodgate, came to fetch us to attend service on board the *Urgent*. It was deliciously cool; and through the large port-hole, near which I sat, I could see the greenish-blue sea lapping against the

Port Royal, Jamaica.

side, and little fish pursued by big fish swimming about in shoals. Presently I heard a great splash, which the man on watch told me afterwards was caused by a shark in chase of some of the larger fish. After service we all went to breakfast with Commodore and Mrs. Prattent, at the Admiralty House, Port Royal—a nice airy residence, built with a view to catch every breeze that blows. It is also fittedwith numerous baths, supplied with clear-running water.

The cemetery, which was once a sad wilderness, is now carefully looked after and maintained, and is tastefully planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. There is a clean, well-ordered hospital at Port Royal, the prettiest building in the place, capable of accommodating 130 patients, though at present I am glad to say it only contains five.

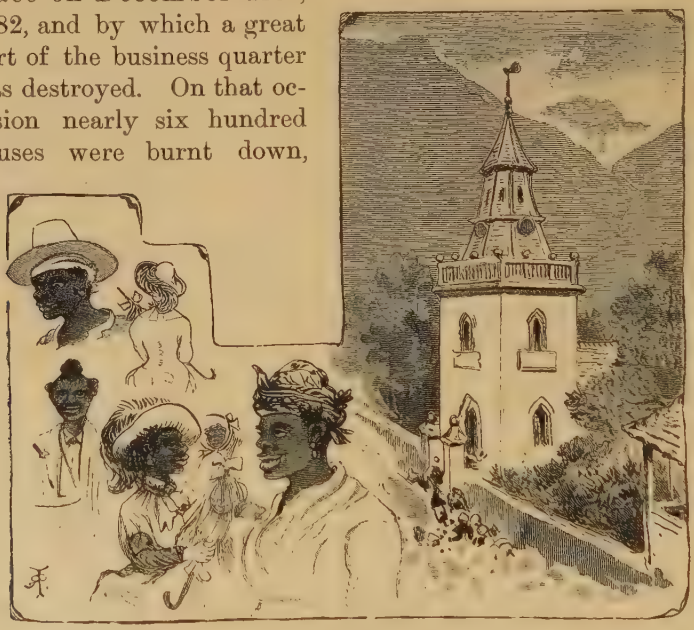
Close by the Admiralty House are some extensive turtle-pounds (or ponds), where a large number of these excellent creatures were snapping and flapping about, waiting to be taken out, cooked and eaten. Some were of enormous size, weighing five or six hundred-weight apiece, and even more.

The town of Port Royal itself is a miserable place, though it is reputed to have been, before the great earthquake of 1692, "the finest town in the West Indies, and at that time the richest spot in the universe." It might be added that it was also the head-quarters of the buccaneers, and the storehouse of all their plunder.

The ruins of the original town of Port Royal are occasionally visible under water in clear weather; and it is said that relics are often found among them by divers. The streets of the existing town are dirty and narrow; and the smells that have to be encountered in passing through them are almost overpowering.

About one o'clock we embarked in the steam-launch, and proceeded up the narrow, tortuous channel, marked by posts and beacons, to Kingston. As we approached we could see a great many ships in the harbour, most of them flying American colours. One was a peculiar-looking schooner, something like the *Sunbeam*, but with three steel masts all of the same length, one of them being hollow, so as to serve as a funnel for the small engine of 240 horse-power. We landed at the market-wharf, where some buggies met us, in which we drove through parts of the town on our way to the cathedral. Our first impressions of Kingston, which were fully confirmed by subsequent experience, were that it is the most desolate collection of

tumble-down wooden houses, with rickety verandahs, leaning over rotten stone pavements and broken-down steps leading to streets full of holes and ruts, that we ever saw. No one would ever imagine that it is the capital of an important island and the seat of government. Always a miserable town, it has become ten times more so since the disastrous fire which took place on December 11th, 1882, and by which a great part of the business quarter was destroyed. On that occasion nearly six hundred houses were burnt down,



PARISH CHURCH, KINGSTON, WITH SOME OF THE CONGREGATION.

the total loss of house property amounting to between £150,000 and £200,000. Kingston has, like Port Royal, the original capital of the island, been very unfortunate in the way of conflagrations, having been partially destroyed four times.

The cathedral, or, rather, the parish church, as it is here called, is an old-fashioned building, with no pretensions to architectural beauty. When we arrived the service was just over. The appearance of the congregation, as seen on entering the church, was that of an ordinary London assemblage of the same kind; but when the worshippers had finished their devotions and turned round to leave the church, it was strange and even startling to observe that the dainty clothes and dashing bonnets and feathers of the ladies were worn by jet-black

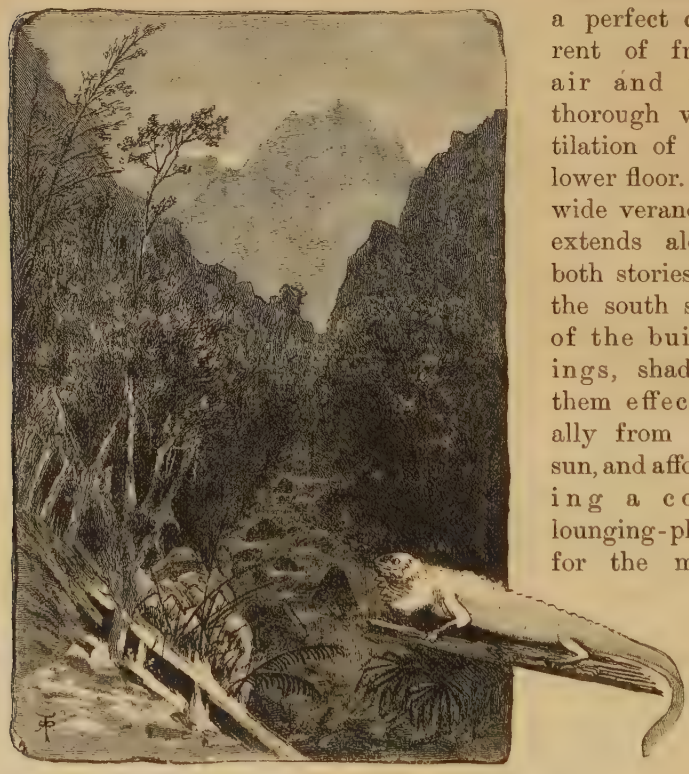
negresses with woolly hair, chignons not always to match, and powdered faces. Half grotesque, half ghastly is the effect produced by violet powder, applied by a negress just as a white person might use rouge. It would be difficult to imagine a droller sight to unaccustomed eyes than that of a smart dress, made in the newest fashion, draping the strapping limbs of a negress, and of an equally smart and stylish bonnet encircling a coal-black face.

As soon as it became a little cooler we drove to call on the Attorney-General and Mrs. Hocking, who live in a pretty little house, replete with every English comfort, and furnished with an amount of luxury and elegance which, bearing in mind the difficulty and expense of transport, and the climatic obstacles to be overcome, produced an impression of agreeable surprise. Then we went to call on the Acting Governor, General Gamble, and found him sitting with Mrs. Gamble in a well-shaded room, surrounded by bishops and other dignitaries of the Church, to whom we were duly introduced, but whose features it was impossible to distinguish in the very "dim religious light" that pervaded the apartment. After dinner at the Elm-tree Lodge we all returned to the yacht at Port Royal.

Monday, November 12th.—A little before five o'clock we were all in the launch again, *en route* for Kingston. These very early starts are somewhat tiresome at the time, and are apt to result in fatigue and even exhaustion towards the end of the day, but the view of the dawn and of the sunrise effects is ample compensation for a good deal of trouble and inconvenience. The shades of blue on the mountains this morning, varying from darkest violet and purple to palest azure, and including china, indigo, turquoise, dark, light, and pale blue, were exquisite. Never were mountains so appropriately named as these; for not only their summits but their valleys were tinged and filled with every imaginable shade of azure. We landed again at Market Wharf, and packed ourselves into buggies—excellent carriages for the climate and for these roads. They are of American origin and are very light, running on four large wheels: the body being in some cases sheltered by a movable hood. They hold three persons besides the driver, and a good deal of luggage.

We picked up Major Woodgate at Elm-tree Cottage, and drove with him to Halfway Tree, passing on our road the barracks, which contain the headquarters of one of the West India regiments. These barracks are admirably situated in the best

possible position for enjoying the full benefit of the sea breeze; they also command an interesting view of the harbour, and contain a fine swimming-bath of clear running water. The buildings themselves, though large and airy, are not picturesque, but are eminently suited to their purpose. They stand, not on the ground, but on dwarf pillars of brick; an arrangement which ensures a perfect current of fresh air and the thorough ventilation of the lower floor. A wide verandah extends along both stories on the south side of the buildings, shading them effectually from the sun, and affording a cool lounging-place for the men,



View up the Valley from Gordon Town.

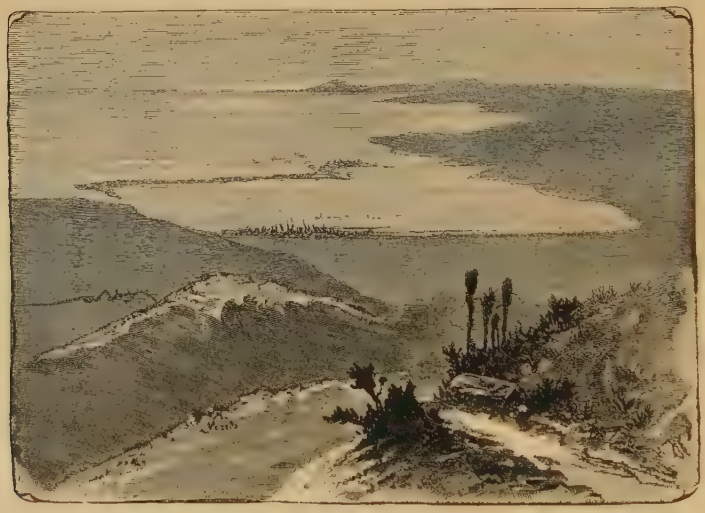
quite open to the sea-breeze, which there is nothing to intercept. The officers' quarters are rather in advance of the main building, and are well arranged; while in front of all are the field-officers' quarters, of more substantial construction. The whole group of buildings is surrounded by the parade-ground, which resembles a beautiful English park, covered with bright green turf and studded with splendid trees, contrasting picturesquely with each other and with the dark blue, red and white Zouave uniforms of the soldiers of the West India Regiment.

Considerable attention has been devoted to the subject of botany by the Government of Jamaica, and during the last century many important plants have been added to the resources of the island. It is remarkable that, although the vegetation is so varied and prolific, nearly every plant the products of which possess any commercial value has been introduced from elsewhere. After considerable delay we went along a very good road under shady trees till we got to the Picket-House, with its pretty gardens and its modest garrison of a sergeant, corporal, and eight men. The mountain road to Newcastle is very good—as indeed it ought to be, for all the military and other stores are conveyed over it to the camp on the backs of mules. It looked so smooth and wide that I was surprised when the sergeant, who led the way, warned us to be careful, as a lady had fallen backwards over the precipice into the river a few weeks ago, and several horses and mules had met with similar accidents at various times. But the scenery was so beautiful, and there were so many interesting objects of endless variety to admire, that it was impossible to think much of this danger. I was sorry to notice that the negresses are rapidly giving up the bright red and yellow colours that suited them so well, and adopting duller and more sombre hues, not half so becoming to their dusky forms and features —if they only knew it. As we mounted higher, the road became narrower and more difficult. We were constantly riding round projecting corners of rocks, overhung with orchids, where there was scarcely room to pass, or climbing up narrow rocky paths, almost like staircases, but always delightfully shady, and frequently bordered by fruit-trees, the civil owners of which seemed only too glad to offer us some of the delicious produce, generally refusing to accept any payment in return. Several times we met horses and mules coming down, which we should have had considerable difficulty in passing, but that their owners were kind and considerate. Reaching a yet higher altitude, we emerged from the grateful shade of the trees, and the heat became intense ; but at last we arrived at a neck of the mountain commanding views over land and sea, with a pretty little church on the opposite side of the valley occupying a wooded knoll in the foreground. Here we rested for a time and enjoyed a most refreshing breeze. Yet a little higher, and there was a complete change of landscape, which was now even still more enchanting, extending to the Liguanea plains, Kingston, and Port Royal: the bay in its unruffled

placidity looking more like an inland lagune than part of the open sea.

When we at last reached the town of Newcastle itself, the parade-ground and mess-house of the military cantonment, near the summit of Mount Ararat—as the mountain on which they stand is called—seemed to be an interminable way off. The last mile always seems the longest, and this one appeared to be unusually lengthy, in the now blazing morning sun, and in our somewhat weak and weary state.

The camp at Newcastle is the station of the white troops in Jamaica, who consist generally of a battalion of a regiment and



View from Newcastle.

part of a battery of artillery. It is situated about 4,000 feet from the level of the sea. We were fairly famished; and after completing our toilettes were quite prepared to do full justice to the excellent breakfast provided for us. The officers were obliged to leave us somewhat suddenly, having to go down to parade.

After our long ride, a little repose in the comfortable hammocks slung outside in the verandah would have been very comfortable; but "to horse, to horse!" was the cry. We were bound to pay a visit to the far-famed Fern Walk, which I have longed to see certainly for the last thirty years—ever since, as a child, a dear old friend used to send me ferns from it, to take to the British Museum to be named and classified. I could hardly believe that at last my wishes were about to be realized,

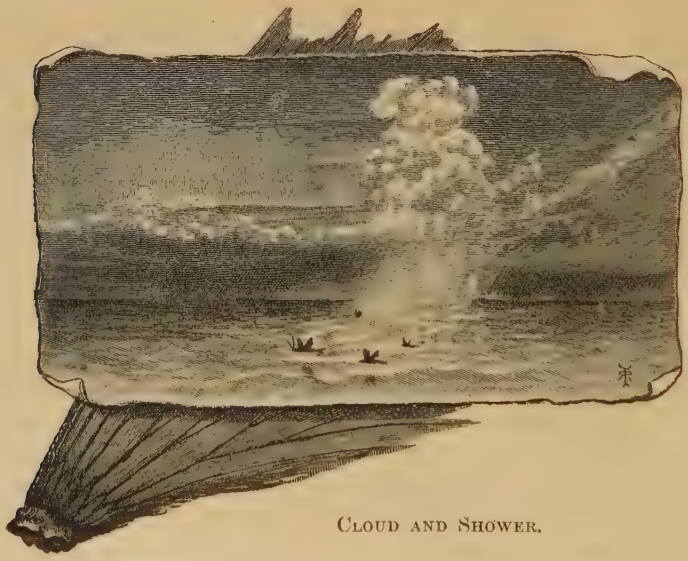
and that I should really see the dry skeletons of the past clothed in all their living beauty, and growing in their natural dwelling-place. Some of us were on fresh steeds, some on the somewhat sorry nags that brought us up, and some were on foot. We climbed higher and higher, losing the lovely views we had enjoyed from the windows and verandah of the mess-house, as we plunged first into the mist and then were fairly among the clouds. We passed through thickets of wild ginger, overshadowed by tree ferns, raising their heads thirty or forty feet above ours. As we ascended, and the ferns grew in beauty, so did the rain increase in force. When we emerged from the thick wood into the open country, and left the rain behind us, we gazed far away over coffee-estates extending for miles, and perched on pretty wooded knolls and hills dotted with barbecues. A barbecue is the name given, in Jamaica, to the house which contains the threshing-floor and apparatus for drying the coffee and preparing it for the market.

At the present time the coffee-plants are full of berries, about the size of cherries, of many varieties of hue; but when covered with large tresses of white flowers, almost hiding their dark bright glossy leaves, their appearance is even more striking still, making the hill-sides from a distance look as if covered with snow. On the opposite side of the valley could be seen the Government barbecue used for drying coffee, besides large plantations of cinchona, from which that useful drug quinine is derived. It really seems as though the cinchona plant imbibed from the pure mountain air the benefits which it imparts to the fever-stricken patient. The higher the altitude at which it is grown, the greater the virtues which it possesses. It flourishes and increases rapidly in the plains and lowlands; but the bark is then of little or no use medicinally; whereas every hundred feet of elevation adds distinctly to its curative properties.*

From this point, well called Bella-Vista, we pursued our journey along almost the narrowest path it has ever been my fate to ride over, above and through coffee-estates, which are here all planted on steep acclivities. There was scarcely space

* Cinchona, so called from its having cured the Countess of Cinchon from fever, but known also as Peruvian, Jesuits' bark, and quinine, began to be known in Europe about 1640. It was first introduced into Jamaica in 1861 by the British Government, which, at the recommendation of Sir William Hooker, sent for a supply of seeds direct from Peru and Guayacil; and the first experiments in its cultivation having been successful, it was decided to establish permanent plantations on the St. Andrew's slope of

even for a pedestrian, and the gentlemen did not always succeed in keeping their footing; while how the horses managed to avoid a fall I do not know, though I suppose that they are accustomed to such work; for they were obliged to put down all their four feet in a line, one after another, on a path about six inches wide. Of course there were occasional stumbles, but with no serious result. It might well have made any one nervous; but I reflected that probably many people had performed the journey safely before us, and that we might hope to do the same; and accordingly I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the landscape.



Cloud and Shower.

The broader path and the shade of another portion of the Fern Walk were very grateful. Not even disagreeable were the mist and cloud which we shortly re-entered, and which seem almost always to hover over these tall forests after midday. Now and then we snatched peeps into the valley beneath and over to the sea beyond, a view which would no doubt have

the Blue Mountains, at elevations of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet. The Government of Jamaica, in order to encourage the cultivation of cinchona, offers to grant a limited extent of land at a nominal price to any person willing and able to embark in this branch of commercial enterprise, which, if carefully conducted, should prove very profitable, although it is probable that many years must elapse before the quantity of bark exported from Jamaica will bear comparison with the large shipments from South America and India.

been enchanting had we been able to see it clearly. The delicate lace or fringe-fern, something like *Lygodium scandens*, grew in wild profusion, and almost threatened to envelop us in its twining tendrils. The path was evidently not much frequented; and the large knives carried by some of the officers were occasionally most useful in clearing the way.

At the Mess-House we spent two hours very pleasantly in looking at cases and albums of birds, moths, butterflies, beetles, ferns, and photographs, each collection having with great taste and skill been made and arranged by the soldiers. Some of the owners of these curios were going home shortly, and were consequently anxious to realize a little hard cash, so that we were fortunate enough to secure some good and interesting specimens. At last the rain cleared off, and we were all allowed by our kind hosts to depart. Notwithstanding the fact of our being loaded with purchases and presents, we found going down much quicker work than coming up had been. On our way we stopped to see the cemeteries of Newcastle, of which there are three, all well kept and full of bright flowers.

At Gordon Town we found the carriages awaiting us, in which we were soon rattled down the hill to Elm-tree Cottage, where a hasty and most refreshing bath and toilet prepared us for dinner at the hotel in Kingston kept by Miss Burton—a charming old negress with all the manners of a lady, who nevertheless takes an active personal share in the working and management of her excellent establishment. Our hostess, attired in a snowy muslin gown, with a large white mob-cap of equal purity surrounding her coffee-coloured face, and with a pair of broad gold-rimmed spectacles on her nose, was the very picture and beau-ideal of a sable landlady.

Before dinner was really over we had to hurry off to the launch, the rain having detained us two hours, and unfortunately made us very late. When we reached the Market Wharf we found a large party still waiting to go off to see the *Sunbeam*, though many people had already been on board in the course of the day. Among our visitors were several bishops and other dignitaries of the Church, with their wives and families. I was very tired, and the children dropped off to sleep directly we got on board the launch, with their heads on my lap. The yacht was brilliantly illuminated by the light of the Moorish and other large lamps. Southgate's cocoa-nut cream and tangerine-orange water ices, as well as Pratt's seductive "cups," were immensely appreciated.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

THE QUEEN—CORONATION PORTRAIT.

IN commemoration of the jubilee of our gracious Sovereign we have endeavoured to give to this number of our loyal METHODIST MAGAZINE a specially patriotic character. In this endeavour we have been admirably seconded by our able contributors. Methodists are everywhere characterized by their conspicuous devotion to the person and crown of their rightful ruler. Without reserve they recognize their duty to fear God and honour the king. This they did in troublous times, when their loyalty was sorely tried by civil and religious disabilities, by petty persecutions and groundless aspersions. This they do with an added zest and a more enthusiastic devotion when all disabilities are removed, and when the Sovereign is one whose private virtues and personal attributes, no less than her official dignity, are calculated to call forth the truest fealty of soul. And never was Sovereign more deserving to be loved, never had ruler stronger claim upon the loyal sympathies of her people, than our revered and honoured widowed Queen. Of all the tributes to her character, none, we think, is nobler than that paid by the Laureate, well-nigh forty years ago, to which the passing years have only added emphasis and truth.

> Revered, beloved,—O you that hold
> A nobler office upon earth
> Than arms, or power of brain or birth
> Could give the warrior kings of old. . . .

May you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good;

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

But not the splendours of royal state, not the victories of arms, not even the conspicuous virtues of her life, are the chief claim upon our loving sympathies; but rather the sorrows through which her woman's heart hath passed. To these royalty affords no shield, the castle wall no bulwark. As the Roman moralist long since said, "Death knocks alike at royal palace and at the peasant's hovel." *

The Prince Consort.

With the meanest of her subjects the mistress of an empire is exposed to the shafts of bereavement and sorrow. This touch of nature makes us all akin. The undying devotion to the memory of the husband of her

* Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.

youth has touched the nation's heart as nothing else could have done.

And worthy was he to be loved. In a position of supreme delicacy and difficulty how wisely he walked; what a protecting presence; what a sympathizing friend to his Royal consort: what a godly example to his household, to the nation, to the world! Let Tennyson again record his virtues:

> We see him as he moved,
> How modest, kindly, all accomplish'd, wise,
> With what sublime repression of himself,
> And in what limits, and how tenderly;

Balmoral Castle, Scotland.

> Not swaying to this faction nor to that:
> Not making his high place the lawless perch
> Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
> For pleasure: but thro' all this tract of years
> Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
> Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
> And blackens every blot; for where is he
> Who dares foreshadow for an only son
> A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his?
> Or how should England, dreaming of *his* sons,
> Hope more for these than some inheritance
> Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
> Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,

Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Osborne House, Isle of Wight.

Can we wonder that his untimely death left the world forever poorer to the sorrowing Queen; that the pageantry of State became irksome, that her heart pined for solitude and communion with the loved and lost, that for well-nigh a score of years she wore unrelieved her widow's sombre weeds. Well might the Laureate say:

Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and left
The crown a lonely splendour.

Yet even this touching fidelity to the dead was construed into a fault by the mercenary instinct that considers a sovereign's chief duty to be to lead the fashions of the hour, to

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS, OSBORNE HOUSE.

stimulate trade by royal pomp and splendours. The discharge of duties of State the nation has a right to expect, and these the Queen, with indefatigable zeal, has fulfilled with a devotion, a wisdom, a watchfulness, a firmness, a sympathy with her people, an appreciation of international relations and of the responsibilities of the times, that have commanded the approval of the shrewdest statesmen and the respect of foreign powers. The Queen has ever shown herself the friend of peace, and by her earnest remonstrance against war has not infrequently won the beatitude of the peace-maker.

Her personal and womanly sympathies are another conspicuous characteristic. Her autograph letters to the bereaved widows of President Lincoln and President Garfield smote chords of feeling that vibrated in the remotest hamlets of two continents. Nor are her sympathies restricted to the great. They extend alike to the humblest of her subjects. To the stricken wives of shipwrecked mariners or fishermen, of death-doomed miners and pitmen, to the sick children in the hospitals, and in homes of want, her heart goes forth with loving sympathy, her private purse is opened in generous aid. These are truer claims to a nation's love than the material splendour of a Semiramis or a Zenobia. And that love has not been withheld. Upon no human being have ever been converged so many prayers, so many blessings and benedictions. Throughout the vast Empire that with its forty colonies engirdles the world, wherever prayer is wont to be made, go up petitions for England's Queen. In Australian mining camps, in far Canadian lumber shanties, in the remotest hamlets, and in the fishing villages that line almost every sea, the patriotic devotion of a loyal people finds utterance in the words, "God save the Queen!"

At this auspicious period, the completion of half a century of a prosperous reign, it is eminently fitting that the nation should rejoice and bring its thank-offering unto God for the blessings so bounteously vouchsafed. For our gracious Sovereign we can offer no more fitting prayer than that voiced by the sweetest singer of her reign:

> May all love,
> The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
> The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
> The love of all thy people comfort thee,
> *His* love unseen but felt o'er shadow thee,
> Till God's love set thee at his side at last.

OUR QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

QUEEN VICTORIA—FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT.

THE poet of the opening morning sang:

"They decked her courtly halls;
They reined her hundred steeds;
They shouted at the palace gates:
A noble Queen succeeds."

In calmer phrase the teacher of high noon records:

"Fifty years of broadening Commerce,
Fifty years of brightening Science,
Fifty years of widening Empire."

If he had been in the spirit of faith that wrote:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are broadened with the process of the suns,"

and in the vigour of hope that shouted:

"Let the great world spin forever
Down the ringing grooves of change,"

perhaps he might have added:

Fifty years of rising Freedom,
Fifty years of strengthening Justice,
Fifty years of growing Manhood.

For all these rapt seer's prophecies and grave historian's testimonies are verified and true in the crowning glory and focal splendours of this bright, happy jubilee of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

Surely our God hath set on high our Sovereign among the princes and potentates, the rulers and kings of earth. There is a sense, by no means degrading or irreverent, in which the language of prophetic inspiration concerning the Church of Christ may be spoken in all gratitude and humility of the sublime exaltation of our Queen, our throne, and our empire among the peoples and powers of all lands: "The nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." It surely hath never been outside the course of Divine Providence, or alien to the heavenly plans of the instruction and leadership of men, that God should choose out and maintain before the eyes of all, some man, some tribe, some ruler, some government, as an example for all; that better ideas of true manhood might prevail; that there might be clearer notions of the relations of God and man; that deeper piety might fill the heart, and holier act adorn the life; that gentler kindliness and broader brotherliness might strengthen the social bond, and greater mutual trust and personal sacrifice might yield abundantly greater mutual good and personal enjoyment; that solider, safer government, quicker recognition of all rights, firmer assurance of all privileges, and surer discharge of all duties might guarantee national contentment and prosperity, and rear stronger and statelier the political fabric, to the quickening of all the pulses of public and political life, the cultivation of all manly, noble, loyal and patriotic sentiments, the appreciation and proper exercise of all healthful liberties, and the joyful gathering of the harvests of our own toil, the safe returns of our own investments in the wide, fruitful field of the common good.

Britain, British institutions, lands under British rule and law, are not what they ought to be, what they might be; but taken all in all, in the good Providence of our God, if we had to say what country, what rule, what people are now in our centuries—for centuries belong to kingdoms and governments: and kingdoms and governments have a right to them—set on high as the country and people to which the nations from afar may look, and do look, and learn after the Divine mind the great principles of justice, political right, law and order, we must say, by the unfolding of a grand history, the brightening pathway of liberty, knowledge and power shining more and more unto the perfect day, that Britain in all her glorious empire is lifted aloft—the exemplar of nations, the resplendent light of the peoples. Britain is not what she might be; but there is as deep and dark a gulf downward out of which she hath arisen, and out of which not all have climbed, though guided upward by her steady hand, as there is lofty an eminence of light, freedom and glory to which, with her hand in the hand of the God of her fathers, she fearlessly presses on. It is one thing to ride in the cushioned car behind the mighty engine o'er the steel rail on the well-bedded track; it is quite another thing to begin, ignorant of the properties of steam and the virtues of iron ore, and toil up the pathway of two hundred generations to that swift and easy ride. Even so it is one thing to have parliaments and legislatures representing the people, making law on the basis of righteousness and liberty under their high behest, and courts and administrations representing the Crown, interpreting, executing and applying that law with full responsibility to the people and for the common weal, thus ensuring even justice to all; it is quite another thing to begin without the germ of a representative parliament, and with but the germ of a court, and toil up the pathway of a thousand years to the full play of popular legislative action and parliamentary freedom, the full recognition of the sovereignty of the law, and universal rest and confidence in the amplitude of personal liberty, the power of the public good, and the security of private right. These to-day are the heritage of a Briton; these are the instruction and inspiration of all free peoples, and these are the example and admiration of the world.

The glories of this reign of our noble Queen and the splendours of this fiftieth year of this glorious reign are not of yesterday, nor for the moment; but gather in light and glory from bright successions of illustrious events and long lines of royal splend-

ours. Perhaps Queen Victoria's chief excellence is that she fulfils royally and politically the injunction of the adorable Lord: "Let thy light shine!" Earl Dufferin used to say "it was one of the strong points of a good Governor-General in certain circumstances to do nothing." We presume he meant it was the highest policy and most effective act of his office to receive the forces that bore upon him, and with the least possible divergence transmit them to their proper destination. These are the forces, and if they are flying to their proper destination, let them fly. There is not a little of this passivity and easy dignity, of quick discernment and true power, in the highest type of Christian character, and deepest consecration, and richest fruitfulness of Christian life. The holy man of this age is to receive light and strength from above, the power of the Spirit: light from the Word of God; light from the history of the Church; light from the way, walk and work of good men of all the past; flooding light from flashing lives of pure example, heroic conflict and exulting victory; steady radiance from a thousand sources pouring upon his soul and converging in his thought and feeling. He is a dull, darkened man if he does not let his light shine. It is not his anxiety or labour to make the light;—God makes it; past generations make it; history makes it; he lives at the focus of a thousand splendours. Let him receive the light and transmit it—himself a living centre, a shining orb; concentrate and intensify it if he can; but at least, let his light, the light given him, shine. Why should he divert, hide, lessen or obscure it? There is something in light quickening light, and fire strengthening fire; as when the sun touches the upper air and pours widening, brightening dawn over the earth; or from his meridian throne, on mirroring sky and atmosphere and sea sheds down resplendent grace of amber, green and blue, flooding the whole with a glory ineffable. It has indeed come to a bewilderment of brightness, a very weight of glory. We profess to look and pretend to believe for such things in the realms of the moral and spiritual; and we dare cherish a little hope that the glimmerings of such a dawning may cast a flush upon the outer circles of the political world. Each age expects and deserves better Christians, better men, than the age preceding. It ought to have them, or noblest destiny is robbed of its due. It must have them if ever the world is to be led and lifted to God. And with the rising continents the mountain peaks should rise. Bathed first and deepest in the pure effulgence, their glory should the first and

best appear. Improving peoples, enriching civilizations, should produce better rulers, nobler sovereigns; as also nobler sovereigns ennoble their people. Light leaps to light and glory to glory.

Our Queen letteth royal light, royal splendours, shine. She receiveth the light and transmitteth it. Her glory is, she beareth herself well as a constitutional sovereign. It is not the effort of dignity or strain of prerogative, but the quiet behaviour of good sense and righteousness. Plain principles, and wise, ordinarily gentle measures are best both in the home and the State; and along this easy path the Queen of England has happily learned to journey. Love, truth, trust and right, sympathy and help are as good for the millions as for the sons and daughters, the brothers and sisters, that make up the millions; and so the imperial sceptre, at the touch of the gentle, discreet and affectionate mother's instinct, is more potent than the arm of the tyrant, the flashing of his million bayonets, the tramp of his ten thousand chargers, and the roar of his thousand cannon. We love and revere her because she is what she ought to be and does what she ought to do. And she is what she ought to be with such a quiet majesty, and does what she ought to do so naturally and easily. Lifted on high she receiveth the light and ought to reflect it, to transmit it, yea, with ever-increasing brilliancy. There is an omnipotent "ought" for kings as well as for commoners. The crown-gold of this age that does not yield a rich and mellow lustre is indeed base metal. The crown jewels of these times that do not flash with far-descending, ever-multiplying splendours, thrown on from generation to generation, from kindling fire to towering flame, are far from gems of the "first water." The highest, grandest opportunity of earth is the opportunity in the Providence of God accorded our Queen; and skilfully, richly, nobly is she improving it, our enemies themselves being judges. She began well when she said to the Archbishop conveying the intelligence of her accession to the throne, "Let us pray." For fifty years she has done well and wisely, making it all the easier to be loyal to the crown and the throne and especially the person of Her Majesty. Her careful use of prerogative, her deep interest in the welfare of all her subjects, her ready retirement from the places of public show and applause, her easy and natural manifestation of all queenly excellences and womanly graces, her shining virtues rebuking iniquity in high places, and more than all, her love, care, fidelity and devotion as the wife and the

mother—those high and holy relationships of Divine appointment—have endeared her to the millions over whom she sways the sceptre, and commands as well the admiration and tender regard of the great majority of mankind. So that not only the multitudes under our flag celebrate glad jubilee; but princes, kings, and emperors, and many and great nations, send their greetings from afar, rejoice in our rejoicings and triumph in our success in all good government, in the liberty and happiness of the people, and in the blessings and the arts of peace.

Revering such a ruler, we revere venerable justice, ancient law and order, perpetual peace and eternal right. Honouring such a government, we honour human brotherhood, the equality of citizenship, the ennoblement of character, and the aristocracy of goodness; that is to say, we honour and ennoble ourselves, and strengthen ourselves in the upward struggle to the excellence for which God made us. Loving our Queen, as things now are, we go a long way toward loving what things are true, what things are honest, what things are just, what are pure, what are lovely, and what are of good report. This respect, honour and love are loyalty. And this loyalty is a something it is very easy to caricature and decry: as indeed some find it an easy thing apparently to caricature, pervert, neglect, despise and decry the worship of the living God. And, by the way, true loyalty to a Sovereign, faithful, able, righteous and benign, and true worship of the Sovereign Lord of all, are in some measure alike, in some regard akin. Both are ennobling: they invigorate virtue, purify and elevate society, and bless and adorn our human kind. It is very easy to say loyalty is "an intangible, valueless thing: there is no money in it;" and so, though it be a contradiction of terms, intangible as it is, thrust it aside. It is easy to say it is a "mere sentiment and amounts to nothing." And so thoughtlessness, or recklessness, or wickedness, with the flooding fallacy, "intangible," "sentimental," would tear up and sweep away some of the things most valuable to this human life and dearest to the human heart.

Loyalty, as truly as any thought or any system or any substance in this world or in the next, has its basis, its life, its sphere, its power, its crown and glory. It is a sentiment, to be sure: at the top, a sentiment; but down in its foundations, deeper than the roots of the snow-capped mountains; down in the springs of its life and power, it is a conviction, an intelligence, the eternal obeisance of reason to the true the beautiful and the good. We are held by it, we know not

why. Often when its law is disregarded, its sphere violated, its power and its glory in truth and righteousness despised, it yet speaks with authority and unites men in devotion to the wrong. There have been such days and such demands, and they have gone down in darkness, desolation and death. Happy that people that can be loyal to their Sovereign, and at the same time true to truth and loyal to the right. As far as human affairs in our century allow it, we are that people. Why, then, should not this world-encircling Empire, with glad acclaim in this Jubilee Year, send round the globe the grateful, loyal, joyful shout—"God save our Queen!"

JUBILEE—1887.

(Leviticus xxv.)

BY WILLIAM STEWART.

STRIKE off, strike off the fetters
That chafe the captive's limb;
Spell out the golden letters
Of Jubilee for him.
From sorrow, gloom, and sadness;
From deep, depressing woe,
The voice of joy and gladness
Cries, "Loose, and let him go."

Break up, break up the rigour
Of sin's oppressive rod;
Restore the former vigour
That mark'd man's walk with God.
From vices, grim and hoary;
From drink, man's direst foe,
The kingdom, power, and glory
Cry, "Loose, and let him go."

Bind up, bind up and brighten
The wounded hearts that bleed;
Thy burdened brother lighten,
And succour in his need.
From sullen griefs that gather,
Where cares their shadows throw,
The voice of God our Father
Cries, "Loose, and let him go."

LIVERPOOL, Eng.

Bring back, bring back the banish'd,
Who o'er far countries roam;
Nor let the light, long vanish'd,
Be longer miss'd at home.
With songs of joy returning,
Let every exile know,
Forgiveness, sought through mourning,
Cries, "Loose, and let him go."

Tell out, tell out the tidings
Of world-wide Jubilee,
That God forbears His chidings
And makes redemption free;
That man no more need falter,
Nor wander to and fro,
Since Christ, from Calv'ry's altar,
Cries, "Loose, and let him go."

Then light, light up the nations
With life's reviving rays;
And let earth's habitations
Resound with songs of praise.
To pilgrims, heavy-laden,
Where sacred rivers flow;
To every man and maiden
Cry, "Loose, and let them go."

FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS.*

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

EACH generation or age of men is under a two-fold temptation: the one to overrate its own performances and prospects, the other to undervalue the times preceding or following its own. No greater calamity can happen to a people than to break utterly with its Past. But this proposition in its full breadth applies more to its aggregate, than to its immediate Past. Our judgment on the age that last preceded us should be strictly just. But it should be masculine, not timorous; for, if we gild its defects and glorify its errors, we dislocate the axis of the very ground which forms our own point of departure. This rule particularly applies to the period which preceded our own. The first three decades of this century were far from normal. They suffered, both morally and politically, from the terrible recoil of the French Revolution, and of the means employed for counteracting it. That period gave us military glory. It made noble and immortal additions to our literature. In fine art, though there had been a sunset, the sun still illumined the sky. But the items of the account *per contra* are great indeed. One of the lightest among them is, that it brought our industrial arts to the lowest point of degradation. Under the benign influence of Protection, there was a desert of universal ugliness. It also charged the inheritance of our countrymen with a public debt equal to more than a fourth, at one time more nearly touching a third, of the aggregate value of all their private property. Would that this had been all! It taxed the nation for the benefit of class. It ground down the people by the Corn Law, and debased them by the Poor Law. The Church was quietly suffered to remain a wilderness of rank abuse. The law had been made hateful to the nation; and both our institutions and our Empire had been brought to the brink of a precipice, when in 1830 the King dared not dine with the Lord Mayor, and the long winter nights were illuminated by the blaze of Swing fires in southern counties.

* We reprint from *The Nineteenth Century* that part of Mr. Gladstone's noble paper on "Locksley Hall and the Jubilee," which refers to the progress of the last fifty years.—ED.

On the other hand, the beginning of the period had the solitary glory of ending one long series of continuous crime by the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Nearer its close, there were marked tendencies towards good, and even some noble beginnings of improvement; but these were mainly and conspicuously due to suspected and reviled minorities, and were in many instances resented, as well as resisted, with a bitterness almost savage, and hardly known to our more modern and sufficiently lively contentions.

Such were the backwaters (so to call them) of the French Revolution and of the war against it, and such was the later Georgian era, on which it is necessary to use plainness of speech, because it now takes the benefit of the glorifying hues of distance, as well as of military triumph; and none survive, except a dwindling handful, to speak of it from recollection. But though it was a time which can ill stand comparison with most others of our history, there still remained for us that glorious inheritance of Britons which, though it imperilled and defaced, it did not destroy.

During the intervening half-century, or near it, the temper of hope and thankfulness, which both Mr. Tennyson and the young Prophet of *Locksley Hall* so largely contributed to form, has been tested by experience. In the words of the Prince Consort, "Our institutions are on their trial," as institutions of self-government; and if condemnation is to be pronounced, on the nation it must mainly fall, and must sweep away with it a large part of such hopes as have been either fanatically or reflectively entertained that, by this provision of self-government, the Future might effect some moderate improvement upon the Past, and mitigate in some perceptible degree the social sorrows and burdens of mankind.

I will try to render, rudely and slightly though it be, some account of the deeds and the movement of this last half-century. I shall reserve until the close what must be put down to its debit. For the present I will only shut out from the review important divisions of the subject with which I am not competent to deal; those of literature, of research, of science, of morals. I shall only venture to refer to those portions of the case which can as it were be inventoried: the course and acts of public authority, and the movement, so closely associated with them, of public opinion, and of the most palpable forms of voluntary action.

The Prophet of the new *Locksley Hall* records against us many sad, and even shameful, defaults. They are not to be denied; and the list probably might be lengthened. The youngest among us will not see the day in which new social problems will have ceased to spring as from the depths, and vex even the most successful solvers of the old; or in which this proud and great English nation will not have cause, in all its rank and order, to bow its head before the Judge Eternal, and humbly to confess to forgotten duties, or wasted and neglected opportunities. It is well to be reminded, and in tones such as make the deaf man hear, of city children who "soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime;" of maidens cast by thousands on the street; of the sempstress scrimped of her daily bread; of dwellings miserably crowded; of fever as the result; even of "incest in the warrens of the poor." But a word on these. Take first the city child as he is described. For one such child now there were ten, perhaps twenty, fifty years back. A very large, and a still increasing proportion of these children have been brought under the regular training and discipline of the school. Take the maidens, who are now, as they were then, cast by thousands on the street. But then, if one among them were stricken with penitence and sought for a place in which to hide her head, she found it only in the pomp of paid institutions, and in a help well meant, no doubt, yet carrying little of what was most essential—sympathetic discrimination, and mild, nay even tender, care. Within the half-century a new chapter has opened. Faith and love have gone forth into the field. Specimens of womankind, sometimes the very best and highest, have not deemed this quest of souls beneath them. Scrimping of wages, no doubt, there is and was. But the fair wage of to-day is far higher than it was then, and the unfair wage is assumably not lower. Miserable and crowded dwellings, again, and fever as their result, both then and now. But legislation has in the interval made its attempts in earnest; and if this was with awkward and ungainly hand, private munificence or enterprise is dotting our city areas with worthy dwellings. Above, all have we not to record in this behalf martyred lives, such as those of Denison and Toynbee? Or shall we refuse honourable mention to not less devoted lives, still happily retained, of such persons as Miss Octavia Hill? With all this there has happily grown up not only a vast general extension of benevolent and missionary means, but a

great parochial machinery of domestic visitation, charged with comfort and blessing to the needy, and spread over so wide a circle, that what was formerly an exception may now with some confidence be said to be the rule. The evils, which our Prophet rightly seeks to cauterise with his redhot iron, were rank among us even in the days when Hogarth, a pioneer of reformation, drew his Beer Street and his Gin Lane. They grew with population and with wealth; but they grew unnoticed, until near the period when the earliest *Locksley Hall* cheered the hearts of those who sought to mend the world.

About twenty years ago, and towards the close of his famous and highly honoured life, Lord Russell spoke the much-noted words "Rest and be thankful." And right well had his rest been earned. But the nation, which we may hope was thankful, yet rested not. As a nation, it has laboured harder than ever before; harder, perhaps, than any nation ever laboured. It has built up an Empire, and no insignificant part of it since the first *Locksley Hall* was written, of such an exacting though imposing magnitude, and of such burdensome though glorious responsibilities, that it must perforce keep to its activity like Sisyphos with his stone, or Ixion on his wheel. It would be little to say that the practical legislation of the last fifty years has in quantity far exceeded that of the three preceding fifties taken together. The real question is on its quality. Has this great attempt in an old country at popular government, when brought to trial by relative, not abstract standards, failed, or has it not?

I will refer as briefly as may be to the sphere of legislation. Slavery has been abolished. A criminal code, which disgraced the Statute Book, has been effectually reformed. Laws of combination and contract, which prevented the working population from obtaining the best price for their labour, have been repealed. The lamentable and demoralizing abuses of the Poor Law have been swept away. Lives and limbs, always exposed to destruction through the incidents of labour, formerly took their chance, no man heeding them, even when the origin of the calamity lay in the recklessness or neglect of the employer: they are now guarded by preventive provisions, and the loss is mitigated, to the sufferers or their survivors, by pecuniary compensation. The scandals of labour in mines, factories, and elsewhere, to the honour, first and foremost, of the name of Shaftesbury, have been either removed, or greatly qualified and

reduced. The population on the sea coast is no longer forced wholesale into contraband trade by fiscal follies; and the Game Laws no longer constitute a plausible apology for poaching. The entire people have good schools placed within the reach of their children, and are put under legal obligation to use the privilege, and contribute to the charge. They have also at their doors the means of husbanding their savings, without the compromise of their independence by the inspection of the rector or the squire, and under the guarantee of the State to the uttermost farthing of the amount. Living in a land where severance in families is almost a matter of course, they are no longer barred from feeding and sustaining domestic affection by prohibitory rates of postage, sternly imposed upon the masses, while the peers and other privileged classes were exempt through franking from the charge. In this establishment of cheap communications, England has led the world.* Information through a free press, formerly cut off from them by stringent taxation, is now at their easy command. The taxes which they pay are paid to the State for the needful purposes of government, and nowhere to the wealthy classes of the community for the purpose of enhancing the prices of the articles produced for their account. Their interests at large are protected by their votes; and their votes are protected by the secrecy which screens them from intimidation either through violence or in its subtler forms. Their admission into Parliament, through the door opened by abolishing the property qualification, has been accomplished on a scale which, whether sufficient or not, has been both sensible and confessedly beneficial. Upon the whole, among the results of the last half-century to them are, that they work fewer hours; that for these reduced hours they receive increased wages; and that with these increased wages they purchase at diminished rates almost every article, except tobacco and spirits, of which the price can be affected by the acts of the Legislature.

It seems to me that some grounds have already been laid for a verdict of acquittal upon the public performances of the half-century. The question now touched upon is that "condition of

*Among the humanising contrivances of the age, I think notice is due to the system founded by Mr. Cook, and now largely in use, under which numbers of persons, and indeed, whole classes, have for the first time found easy access to foreign countries, and have acquired some of that familiarity with them, which breeds not contempt but kindness.

England question" on which Mr. Carlyle, about midway in his life, thundered in our ears his not unwarrantable but menacing admonitions. Some heed, it would appear, has been given to such pleading. Science and legislation have been partners in a great work. There is no question now about the shares of their respective contributions. It is enough for my purpose that the work has been done, and that the Legislature has laboured hard in it. Mr. Giffen, in a treatise of great care and ability, has estimated the improvement in the condition of the working population at 50 per cent. Would that it might be possible to add another fifty. But an accomplished fact of this character and magnitude is surely matter for thankfulness, acknowledgment, and hope. The discord between the people and the law is now at an end, and our institutions are again "broad-based" upon national conviction and affection.

I turn to another great category of contention. It is in the nature of religious disabilities to die hard. Stirred at a sore point into spasmodic action in the Parliament of 1880, they are now practically dead. The signs of inequality obtruded upon Nonconformists by the Church Rate, and by the unequal laws of marriage, and of registration upon births and burials, have been put away. In just satisfaction to a civil right, free access has been given to the churchyards of the country; and the sinister predictions which obstructed the change have proved to be at least as shadowy as the beings commonly supposed to haunt those precincts. The old universities have opened wide their august portals to the entire community; and they have more than doubled the number of their students.

It would be endless to recite all the cases in which relief has been afforded, during the period under review, to suffering industry and imperilled capital. One case at least must not be left wholly without notice. The farmers of the country have suffered for a series of years with their landlords, but usually beyond their landlords, and from causes which it is not altogether easy to trace. The law cannot give prosperity; but it can remove grievance. By changes in the law, the occupiers of the soil have been saved from the ravages (such they often were) of ground game. The tithe-owner, clerical or lay, no longer abstracts the tenth sheaf, which may often have represented the whole net value of an improvement. Claims of the landlord for the recovery of rent, which were found to operate unjustly, have been abolished. And more than all these, the

title of the farmer to the fruit of his legitimate investments in his holding has, though only a few years back, obtained efficient protection.

Long as is this list, it is not less incomplete than long. Two or three of its gaps must be filled up. The new and stringent Act for the reduction of the expenses of Parliamentary elections is both a law for virtue against vice of the most insinuating kind, and a law for the free popular choice of representatives as against the privilege and monopoly of the rich. Women have been admitted to new public duties, which they have proved their perfect capacity to discharge, and their property and earnings in the married state have been protected. The members of the two Houses of Parliament used to find in that membership a cover from the payment of their lawful debts. This shelter they have lost. The application of the elective principle to municipal corporations has advanced our towns to a higher civilization.

If we look now to the vital subject of the relations between the two Islands, we come on the brink of controversies I would rather avoid; and I do not forget that there is one epoch of our history with which the names of Pitt and Fox and Burke and every statesman of their day are alike associated, but which as yet we have not rivalled. Drawing comparisons only from the time that followed 1782 and 1783, I venture to assert that only since 1829, and chiefly within the latter part of this period, has Right begun, though with a checkered history, manfully to assert itself against Wrong, in the management and government of Ireland.

This work of legislation, so vast and so varied, has been upon the whole an impartial work. Many and many a time, not only have its promoters had to face powerful and obstinate opposition, but they have not been cheered in their work by the public opinion of the moment, and have had their faith and patience exercised by reliance only on the future. And it has been seen in strengthening police and prison discipline, in legislation for public order, and in the radical reformation of the poor laws, that unpopular as well as popular work has been done, and well done, when it came to hand.

And the wholesome breath of the nation has, during this period, purified not only the legislative but the administrative atmosphere. Good work was being done in many ways; but it required time. We had had the press-gang used at discre-

tion as the ultimate instrument of supplying men, when wanted, for the Navy: incredible, but true. It is now a thing of the past. We had flogging as the standing means of maintaining the discipline of the Army, and destroying the self-respect of the soldier. Despite professional authority, which in certain classes of question is the worst of guides, the profane hands of uninstructed reformers have pulled this Dagon to the ground, and he has shivered into splinters. The Government, at its discretion, opened, when it chose to see cause, letters confided to the Post Office. This bad practice has died out. The officers of the Army were introduced and promoted by Purchase; and that system, made the business of supplying brains for the Army the property of the long purses of the country. But it was swept away by an act of the Executive; the Army became the nation's army.

If, now, we look to what has happened over sea, and to our country's share in it, the view is in many respects satisfactory, and the period is in all remarkable. I speak with respect of the East India Company, and with a deep admiration of the Statesmen who were reared under its shade. The transfer of the government of the vast dominion in 1858 was not an unmingled good. But upon the whole it was the letting in of a flood of light upon a shadowed region. If since that time evil things have been done, it has not been at the instigation or with the sanction of the country. The Company had the merits and the faults of a conservative institution. The new feeling and new methods towards the natives are such as humanity rejoices in. They are due to the nation, and are intimately associated with the legislative change. It is no small matter if, though much may yet remain to do, progress has been made in the discharge of a debt, where the creditors are two hundred and fifty millions of our fellow-creatures, each of them with a deep and individual concern. With respect, again, to the great and ever-growing Colonial Empire of the Queen, the change has been yet more marked. Before Lord Grey's Reform Act, Colonies were governed in and from Downing Street. An adherence to the methods then in use would undoubtedly before this time have split the Empire. The substitution of government from within for government from without has brought all difficulties within manageable bounds, and has opened a new era of content which is also consolidation.

But the period has also been a great period for Europe.

Nationalities have suffered, and in some places suffer still. But if we compare this with other periods of history, never have they had such a golden age. Belgium set free; Germany consolidated; Portugal and Spain assisted in all such efforts as they have made for free government; Italy reconstituted; Hungary replaced in the enjoyment of its historic rights; Greece enlarged by the addition of the Ionian Islands and of Thessaly; ten millions of Christians under Ottoman rule in communities, that once had an historic name, restored in the main to freedom, to progress, and to hope; to say nothing of reforms and changes, many of them conspicuously beneficial, in other vast populations: these are events, of which we may reverently say, "their sound is gone out into all lands, and their voices unto the ends of the world." If these things are as good as they are unquestionably great, nay if, being so great, they have real goodness at all to boast of, then it is comforting to bear in mind that in by far the greater number of them the British influence has been felt, that in some of them it has held a foremost place, and that if, in any of them the note uttered has not been true, it has belied the sentiment of the nation, made known so soon as the forms of the Constitution allowed it an opportunity of choice. Wars have not been extinguished; they have been too frequent; and rumours of wars have grown to be scarcely less bad than the reality. Yet there have been manifestations, in act as well as word, of a desire for a better state of things; and we did homage, in the Alabama case, to the principle of a peaceful arbitration, at the cost, ungrudgingly borne by the people, of three millions of money.

I have not dwelt in these pages upon the commerce of the United Kingdom, augmented five-fold in a term of years not sufficient to double its population, or of the enormous augmentation of its wealth. One reference to figures may, however, be permitted. It is that which exhibits the recent movement of crime in this country. For the sake of brevity I use round numbers in stating it. Happily the facts are too broad to be seriously mistaken. In 1870, the United Kingdom with a population of about 31,700,000 had about 13,000 criminals, or one in 1,760. In 1884, with a population of 36,000,000 it has 14,000 criminals, or one in 2,500. And as there are some among us who conceive Ireland to be a sort of pandemonium, it may be well to mention (and I have the hope that Wales might, on the whole, show as clean a record) that with a popu-

lation of (say) 5,100,000, Ireland (in 1884) had 1,573 criminals, or less than one in 3,200.

The gross and cruel sports, which were rampant in other days, have almost passed from view, and are no longer national. Where they remain, they have submitted to forms of greater refinement. Pugilism, which ranges between manliness and brutality, and which in the days of my boyhood on its greatest celebrations almost monopolised the space of journals of the highest order, is now rare, and unobtrusive. But, if less exacting in the matter of violent physical excitements, the nation attaches not less but more value to corporal education, and for the schoolboy and the man alike athletics are becoming an ordinary incident of life. Under the influence of better conditions of living, and probably of increased self-respect, mendicity, except in seasons of special distress, has nearly disappeared. If our artisans combine (as they well may) partly to uphold their wages, it is also greatly with the noble object of keeping all the members of their enormous class independent of public alms. They have forwarded the cause of self-denial, and manfully defended themselves even against themselves, by promoting restraints upon the traffic in strong liquors. In districts where they are most advanced, they have fortified their position by organized co-operation in supply: and the capitalist will have no jealousy of their competition, should they succeed in showing that they can on a scale of sensible magnitude assume a portion of his responsibilities, either on the soil or in the workshop.

Nor are the beneficial changes of the last half-century confined to the masses. Swearing and duelling, established until a recent date almost as institutions of the country, have nearly disappeared from the face of society: the first a gradual change; the second one not less sudden than it was marvellous, and one happily not followed by the social trespasses which it was not wholly unreasonable to apprehend from its abolition. Serious as opposed to idle life has become a reality, and a great reality, in quarters open to peculiar temptation; for example, among the officers of the army, and at our public schools, which are among the most marked and national of our institutions. The clergy of the Anglican Church have been not merely improved, but transformed; and have greatly enlarged their influence during a time when voluntary and Nonconforming effort, within their province and beyond it, and most of all in Scotland, has

achieved its noblest triumphs. At the same time, the disposition to lay bare public mischiefs and drag them into the light of day, which, though liable to exaggeration, has perhaps been our best distinction among the nations, has become more resolute than ever. The multiplication and better formation of the institutions of benevolence among us are but symptomatic indications of a wider and deeper change: a silent but more extensive and practical acknowledgment of the great second commandment, of the duties of wealth to poverty, of strength to weakness, of knowledge to ignorance—in a word, of man to man. And the sum of the matter seems to be that upon the whole, and in a degree, we who lived fifty, sixty, seventy years back, and are living now, have lived in a gentler time; that the public conscience has grown more tender, as indeed was very needful; and that, in matters of practice, at sight of evils formerly regarded with indifference or even connivance, it now not only winces but rebels: that upon the whole the race has been reaping, and not scattering; earning, and not wasting.

But do not let us fail to remember that every blessing has its drawbacks and every age its dangers. I wholly reserve my judgment on changes now passing in the world of thought, and of inward conviction. I confine myself to what is nearer the surface; and further, I exclude from view all that regards the structure and operation of political party. So confining myself, I observe that, in the sphere of the State, the business of the last half-century has been in the main a process of setting free the individual man, that he may work out his vocation without wanton hindrance, as his Maker will have him do. If, instead of this, Government is to work out his vocation for him, I for one am not sanguine as to the result. Let us beware of that imitative luxury, which is tempting all of us to ape our betters. Let us remember, that in our best achievements lie hid the seeds of danger; and beware lest the dethronement of Custom to make place for Right should displace along with it that principle of Reverence which bestows a discipline absolutely invaluable in the formation of character. We have had plutocrats who were patterns of every virtue, as may well be said in an age which has known Samuel Morley: but let us be jealous of plutocracy, and of its tendency to infect aristocracy, its elder and nobler sister; and learn, if we can, to hold by or get back to some regard for simplicity of life. Let us respect the ancient manners; and recollect that, if the true soul of

chivalry has died among us, with it all that is good in society has died. Let us cherish a sober mind; take for granted that in our best performances there are latent many errors which in their own time will come to light; and thank our present teacher for reminding us in his stately words:

> Forward, then, but still remember, how the course of Time will swerve,
> Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve.

Justice does not require, nay rather she forbids, that the Jubilee of the Queen be marred by tragic tones.

TO THE QUEEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

I SANG thee in my childish days,
Girl minstrel to a Royal girl,
When all the strange delightful whirl
Of life was full of joy and praise:

I sing Thee now with a full heart;
Both having known life's change and loss,
Both taken up its heavy cross,
Its bitterer and yet better part.

Womanliest woman! queenliest Queen!
Thy country's Mother, as it sees
Three generations round thy knees,
And all that was and might have been.

O generous Heart, that, bleeding, fed
Her people 'neath her sheltering wings,
Taught pity for all suffering things
Out of the very breast that bled.

True, trusted, tried; gold thrice refined
In the fierce fire that all doth prove—
These fifty years of England's love
About thy lonely bosom bind.

Live, blest with all that blessing brings,
Die, full of peace and fruitful years,
To live again in happier spheres,
The Crowned of the King of kings.

THE VICTORIAN ERA.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

THE present age may be designated, and that in a very special sense, both commemorative and monumental. The past twenty years have been distinguished for the number and variety of celebrations which have been held, and still new occasions are upon us bristling with fresh demands for recogtion and review, and for large expressions of our loyalty and love. The event of the current year, which is already arresting the attention of the world, is the jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The vast and varied populations within the British Dominions throughout the globe, are preparing to commemorate the completion of the fiftieth year of Her Majesty's auspicious and noble reign. It is to be hoped that this memorable event will touch all loyal hearts throughout Victoria's widely extended empire with gratitude, and that this jubilee year will be marked by celebrations in every way worthy of the occasion, and become richly expressive of the deep attachment which still binds her people to her person and her throne. We are inclined to believe that the Victorian half-century just closing represents more of real progress and substantial achievement along all the lines that affect a people's true well-being than can be shown by any similar period in the whole history of the world.

The object of this paper is to present a brief summary of the varied and wonderful advancement which has distinguished the British nation under our beloved Queen's happy and beneficent reign. Among the first facts which indicate something of the marvellous advancement which has been secured, we place the immense territorial expansion of the empire and corresponding increase of population which have marked the past fifty years now under review. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1880 has put the matter clearly and strongly thus:

"The acquisition of foreign territory by Great Britain is without a parallel in the history of the human family. She bears rule over one-third of the surface of the globe, and over nearly one-fourth of its population. Her possessions abroad are in area sixty times larger than the parent State. She owns three millions and a half of square miles in America, one million

each in Africa and Asia, and two and a half millions in Australia. There are thirty-eight separate colonies or groups of colonies, varying in area from Gibraltar with its two square miles to Canada with her three millions and a half. The populations of the colonies aggregate eleven millions and steadily continue to increase."

The past half-century has contributed quite largely to the enormous acquisition in the way of territory as indicated by the quotation just given. Professor Leone Levi, in an article on "Fifty Years of Economic Progress," says:

"When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, Australia was only a convict settlement; British India belonged to a commercial company; the South African Colony was little more than a barren rock; and the Dominion of Canada was shorn of an immense territory by the Hudson's Bay Company. Since then what a change! The Colonial and Indian Exhibition has revealed what wealth the Colonial Empire of Britain contains, and what immense resources they have opened for British emigrants. With good reason, indeed, has the Queen assumed the title of Empress, a title of political significance in the present distribution of power among the monarchies and republics of the East and West."

In an issue of the *Imperial Federation* for 1886, there appears an interesting coloured diagram showing the increase in area, population, etc., of the British Empire since Queen Victoria came to the throne. The coloured diagram presents a forcible representation to the eye, but the figures by themselves are very significant and deeply impressive.

Coming to the matter of population, the increase is quite in keeping with the greatly enlarged area of British dominion during the period we are now reviewing.

In 1837, the subjects of the Queen numbered 127,000,000, now they number nearly 300,000,000. The population of the United Kingdom was 26,000,000; now 37,000,000. It is also estimated that nearly 6,000,000 emigrants of British and Irish origin have left Great Britain during the fifty years of Her Majesty's reign. Add these and we find that the rate of increase in the United Kingdom would have been as much as 65 per cent.

The material and commercial progress of the nation has expanded to such vast dimensions that it is difficult to grasp the full meaning which the figures are intended to convey. A glance at the following comparative statements cannot fail to indicate the resources and capabilities of the Empire, and the rapid and wonderful development which, in this direction, has marked the half-century of British history now closing. The

imports of the United Kingdom have increased from £66,000,000 to £374,000,000, and the exports from £58,000,000 to £271,000,000. During the same period the imports of the British possessions have increased from £26,000,000 to £216,000,000 and the exports from £30,000,000 to £218,000,000. The public revenues of the United Kingdom have grown since the Queen's accession from £55,000,000 to £93,000,000, and of the British possessions from £23,000,000 to £115,000,000. In 1837 the shipping entered and cleared at ports of the United Kingdom was 9,000,000 tons; this year it will reach 64,000,000 tons. In the fifty years the average entered and cleared at ports in the British possessions has increased from 7,000,000 tons to 78,000,000 tons.

Then the United Kingdom had but 1,500 miles of railway, carrying 15,000,000 passengers and with a traffic of £3,000,000 per annum; now 19,000 miles of railway carry 695,000,000 passengers and have a traffic of £71,000,000. The British possessions, which then had no railways, now have 32,000 miles of railway. The penny postage was introduced soon after the Queen came to the throne, and in 1839 the total number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was 82,471,000. In 1885 what was their number? The total was 1,403,000,000 letters, 496,000,000 newspapers and books, and 172,000,000 post-cards, or altogether 2,065,000,000 letters, packets, etc.

The increase of wealth in the United Kingdom in the time we are now considering has been enormous, the taxable income having risen in thirty years from £308,000,000 to £631,000,000, or in the proportion of 105 per cent. And notwithstanding the dulness of trade in recent years, the working and middle classes have increased their deposits at the savings banks from £18,500,000 in 1837 to £94,000,000 in 1885, to say nothing of the large amounts held by the Building and Friendly Societies. The higher classes have an amount of banking capital so large as to become a real burden from the difficulty of investing it profitably. (Prof. Leone Levi.) Another writer on British progress has summarized the material and general advancement which has taken place as follows:

"Since Her Majesty came to the throne her subjects have more than doubled in number; the trade of the mother country has increased five-fold, and of the British possessions eight-fold. The public revenue has nearly doubled at home, and increased five-fold in the possessions of the Empire. The shipping entered and cleared has increased in the British

Isles nine-fold, and in the Colonies eleven-fold. In the same period railway, telegraph, steamboat construction, improvements in machinery, and the appliances and facilities for travel and trade have grown to gigantic proportions. These are marvellous figures of material progress within one reign. But what is quite as important is the fact that the enlightenment, enfranchisement, and bettered condition of the masses, the growth of civil liberty, of art and culture, have kept pace with the vast strides in population, trade and wealth."

But the most vital and influential elements in a nation's life and history are the moral and religious, and any review of the past half-century which omitted to take into consideration the onward march of Christian principles and institutions, would be an oversight for which no apology could be accepted or made. It has been shown by some recent writers of English history that the progress of the nation in all that is high, noble and enduring is owing largely to the great spiritual and Christian movements which from time to time have occurred, and from which the best convictions, life, inspirations, institutions and conditions of the people have been derived.

The advancement of the Established Church and of the various Nonconformist Churches during the Victorian era has been very gratifying indeed. The record, we believe, in Church work, Sabbath-schools, Home and Foreign Missions, and the various departments of Christian activity, stands unexampled by any similar period in the past. Notwithstanding the severe and long-continued seasons of depression, the givings of the people for the support of definite religious objects have increased year by year, and the rapidity with which additional humane and religious agencies have sprung into existence has been truly surprising. In the list of anniversaries held in London in the month of May, we counted about two hundred different benevolent and religious organizations meeting for review of the year's work and for the further development of the various noble ends they have in view. Let one instance of progress in this direction suffice. In 1837 the expenses of the British and Foreign Bible Society were in the vicinity of half a million of dollars; for the present year the outlay will reach nearly one million and a quarter of dollars. Of the more than fifty millions of dollars raised since the organization of the Society in 1804, about forty millions have been raised during the past fifty years. And of the total issues of about one hundred and ten million copies of the Scriptures, about one hundred millions have been sent forth during the same period.

In a special sense Great Britain may be said to be the great Missioner of the globe, and its capability for larger endeavours for the world's evangelization is increasing from year to year.

There are other elements of great importance which enter into a review of the past fifty years of British progress, which we can only here enumerate in the briefest form, but which impart still greater force and encouragement to the considerations which naturally associate themselves with this jubilee year.

The stability of England's political institutions, and the general satisfaction of the immense population who acknowledge Queen Victoria's supremacy and rule; the continual awakening of the national conscience to matters of deep and lasting importance; the increase of educational agencies throughout the nation; the gradual uplifting of the large sections of the lower classes to improved material and social conditions; the moral power of the Empire among the nations of the earth; her persistent endeavours to develop a higher type of civilization throughout the world, and to preserve a true and universal peace, must all be recognized in the half-century of progress now under review.

"The legislative achievements of the last half-century in England are most imposing, as they are sketched by Mr. Gladstone. Slavery has been abolished, the rigours of the old Criminal Code have disappeared, the combination of laws which prevented the working population from obtaining the best price for their labour have been repealed, the abuses of the Poor Law have been done away with, the labourer has better security for life and limb, and fuller assurance of the compensation of survivors in case of death, the scandals of labour in mines and factories have been removed or reduced, the people have good schools, and are under legal obligation to use the privilege. Postage has been cheapened, and information through a free press, which was formerly cut off from the multitude by a stringent tax, is now at easy command. They are more lightly taxed, and taxes are paid to the State for needful government, instead of to the wealthy classes. Added to these are the removal of religious disabilities, the abolition of Church rates, reform in the laws of marriage, abrogation of the University tests, benefits conferred on farmers by the Ground and Game Act, flogging abolished in the Army, and the press gang in the Navy, purchase has ceased to be the means of obtaining military promotion, posts in the civil service have been opened to character and talent, without distinction of class, and right has begun—though with a checkered history—to assert itself against wrong in the government of the Irish people."

With these glowing descriptions of the varied achievements and advancements secured under Her Majesty's reign, it is not

for us to say whether the future shall be as the past, or whether events transpire which shall arrest the onward and upward movement of the most powerful nation in the world to-day. It would be folly not to recognize the disturbing elements which are abroad, the socialistic principles which have obtained a footing among certain classes of the population, and the vital, burning questions now perplexing the Imperial Parliament, and demanding for their solution the best statesmanship that the nation can supply.

After, however, deducting from the estimate of general progress the comparatively small drawbacks just named, we think there is overwhelming evidence in hand to prove that the Empire as a whole is characterized by a strong and enduring stability, and that its ever-broadening stream of noble energies and capabilities point to a future as large and successful as the most patriotic could desire. With its national life and character so deeply rooted in the soil of a grand historic past, and perpetually nourished by the rich spoils of past generations and the progressive influences and principles of to-day, there is no danger of exhaustion or decay; but, on the contrary, the ever-widening tendencies of the time seem to indicate a still firmer consolidation and unity of the Empire which, if realized, will give additional lustre to the British throne and secure for it a still larger increase of authority and power among the peoples of the world.

Our beloved Queen has furthered to the utmost of her power all the elements of progress which have distinguished her lengthened and auspicious reign. She has given a bright personal example, which every Sovereign may well copy. The people will celebrate her jubilee in thankfulness for the past and hopfulness for a still more glorious future.

We cannot better close our article than by quoting the National Anthem, as adapted by Dean Plumptre for the year of jubilee:

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.

May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Seed sown through fifty years,
Seed sown in smiles or tears,
Grant her to reap;
Her heritage of fame,
Her pure and stainless name,
Her people free from shame,
Guard Thou and keep.

O'er lands and water wide,
Through changing time and tide,
Hear when we call;
Where'er our English tongue
To wind and wave hath rung,
Shall be our anthem sung;
God save us all.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

CROWNED AND WEDDED.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

I.

WHEN last before her people's face her own fair face she bent,
Within the meek projection of that shade she was content
To erase the child-smile from her lips, which seemed as if it might
Be still kept holy from the world to childhood still in sight—
To erase it with a solemn vow,—a princely vow—to rule;
A priestly vow—to rule by grace of God the pitiful;
A very godlike vow—to rule in right and righteousness,
And with the law and for the land!—so God the vower bless!

II.

The minster was alight that day, but not with fire, I ween,
And long-drawn glitterings swept adown that mighty aisléd scene.
The priests stood stoléd in their pomp, the sworded chiefs in theirs,
And so, the collared knights, and so, the civil ministers,
And so, the waiting lords and dames—and little pages best
At holding trains—and legates so, from countries east and west.
So, alien princes, native peers, and high-born ladies bright,
Along whose brows the Queen's, new crowned, flashed coronets to light
And so, the people at the gates, with priestly hands on high,
Which bring the first anointing to all legal majesty.

And so the DEAD—who lie in rows beneath the minster floor,
There, verily an awful state maintaining evermore;
The statesman whose clean palm will kiss no bribe whate'er it be.
The courtier who for no fair Queen will rise up to his knee.
The court-dame who for no court-tire will leave her shroud behind.
The laureate who no courtlier rhyme than "dust to dust" can find.
The kings and queens who having made that vow and worn that crown,
Descended unto lower thrones and darker, deep adown!
Dieu et mon droit—what is't to them?—what meaning can it have?
The King of kings, the right of death—God's judgment and the grave.
And when betwixt the quick and dead, the young fair Queen had vowed,
The living shouted "May she live! Victoria, live!" aloud.
And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed between,
"The blessings happy monarchs have, be thine, O crowned Queen!"

III.

But now before her people's face she bendeth hers anew,
And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness thereunto.
She vowed to rule, and, in that oath, her childhood put away.
She doth maintain her womanhood, in vowing love to-day.
O, lovely lady!—let her vow!—such lips become such vows,
And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with vernal brows.
O lovely lady!—let her vow! yea, let her vow to love!—
And though she be no less a Queen—with purples hung above,
The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin around,
And woven gold to catch her looks turned maidenly to ground,
Yet may the bride-veil hide from her a little of that state,
While loving hopes, for retinues, about her sweetness wait,
SHE vows to love who vowed to rule—(the chosen at her side)
Let none say, God preserve the Queen!—but rather, Bless the bride!
None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the dream
Wherein no monarch but a wife, she to herself may seem.
Or if ye say, Preserve the Queen!—oh, breathe it inward low—
She is a *woman*, and *beloved!*—and 'tis enough but so.
Count it enough, thou noble prince, who tak'st her by the hand,
And claimest for thy lady-love, our lady of the land!
And since, Prince Albert, men have called thy spirit high and rare,
And true to truth and brave for truth, as some at Augsburg were,—
We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts, and by thy poet-mind
Which not by glory and degree takes measure of mankind,
Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,
And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing.

IV.

And now, upon our Queen's last vow, what blessings shall we pray?
None, straitened to a shallow crown, will suit our lips to-day.
Behold, they must be free as love—they must be broad as free,
Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's humanity.
Long live she!—send up loyal shouts—and true hearts pray between,—
"The blessings happy PEASANTS have, be thine, O crowned Queen!"

ST. JOHN METHODISM.

BY THE REV. R. DUNCAN.

THE 18th day of May, 1883, was a red-letter day in the history of St. John. It had been anticipated by religious services of a special character, held, during the previous evening, in the spacious Centenary Methodist Church, in which the Lieutenant-Governor, the Chief Justice, and other distinguished gentlemen, both lay and clerical, took part. The day was ushered in by the booming of cannon. Hundreds of people had donned their best attire and at an early hour were parading the streets. A grand trades' procession, somewhat later, filed through the principal portions of the city, after which a sermon, suitable to the occasion, was preached by the Rector of Trinity Church to such persons as had been able to secure entrance to the building.

In the afternoon a prize poem was read, and eloquent speeches were delivered by the Governor, the United States Consul, and others. A torch-light parade, a pyrotechnic display, and a general illumination closed the public festivities. Thus was ushered in the second century in the history of this fair city, whose foundations were laid by men who preferred to abandon friends and wealth rather than give up their freedom or relinquish their attachment to the British throne and constitution.

Among the persons who, on the 18th of May, 1783, looked for the first time on the forest-crowned site of this now busy city, were a few who belonged to the people called Methodists. The planting of that earnest form of Christianity in the City of the Loyalists was effected in the year of our Lord 1791. Philip Embury and Barbara Heck, of blessed memory, and others associated with them, had already circulated a subscription paper upon which stood the name of good Charles Inglis, Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, and afterwards first Episcopal Bishop of Nova Scotia, by means of which funds were obtained for the erection of the old John Street Methodist Church, New York. In that church some of these St. John Loyalists had heard the message of salvation before the period of their expatriation. Among these followers of John Wesley was one of the grantees of the nascent city. Stephen Humbert, a man of some special eminence, occupying subsequently the position of Alderman, Captain in the militia, and Representa-

tive in the House of Assembly, was a person who possessed sufficient moral courage to avow himself one of a "sect" then almost "everywhere spoken against," but which, through the Divine blessing, has now become the largest branch of the Protestant Church in the Dominion of Canada. For eight years he and the other members of this little flock in St. John were left without pastoral oversight. The social means of grace peculiar to Methodism had doubtless proved channels along which, in the meantime, spiritual supplies had been secured.

In 1791, the Rev. Abraham John Bishop was sent out by the British Conference to Halifax, Nova Scotia, as the result of representations made to that body. Bishop, who was a native of the Island of Jersey, offered himself for that mission. Possessed of some temporal means, he abandoned his prospects of worldly success, and selling his property, consecrated one half of the proceeds to the cause of missions, and the other half he gave in trust for the promotion of the work of God in his native island. Learning at Halifax of the condition of the little band of Methodists in St. John, he decided to turn his face in that direction, and on the 24th day of September reached his destination. The same evening he preached in a place provided by his overjoyed friends. At the close of the services on the second Sabbath he announced his purpose to receive the names of such persons as wished to become members of the Methodist Society. Nearly all present remained, and about two score expressed their desire to become members of the Church of Christ according to the Methodist rule.

Furnished, before leaving England, by the Secretary of State, with a letter of introduction to Governor Parr, Bishop had the satisfaction not only of finding his errand greatly commended by that official, but also of receiving an offer of ordination by the Episcopal Bishop. After due consideration and consultation with his friends, the missionary declined the offer with thanks.

Only one religious service was held on the Sabbath in the Episcopal Church in St. John at that time. The Methodist minister held at least two preaching services on the Lord's day, and as many as possible during the week. The Mayor of the town took an early opportunity to express to Bishop his regret that he not only preached on Sunday evenings but on week days also, and that some of his hearers were going beside themselves. Bishop assured his Worship that so far from his

hearers losing their senses, some of them had become wise unto salvation.

The place of worship at first occupied by this pioneer preacher and his congregation was a building that had been used as a Court House and City Hall. It continued to be their place of holy convocation for sixteen or seventeen years, until, as the result of a gracious revival of the work of God during the incumbency of the Rev. Joshua Marsden, it became necessary to arise and build. The frame of a building sixty feet long by forty-two feet wide was prepared. After a sermon by Mr. Marsden, who stood upon the corner-stone during its delivery, one hundred strong men came forward to assist in raising the frame. This church—the mother church of Methodism in St. John—was solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on Christmas Day, 1808.

In 1833 the church had to be enlarged. The Sunday-school room was the largest public hall in the city. In it was held, in 1838, a public meeting of the citizens for the purpose of expressing their loyalty to her gracious Majesty the Queen on her coronation. The Germain Street Church, during its history of nearly threescore and ten years, proved the spiritual birth-place of many precious souls. Without pretensions to architectural adornment, it stood, nevertheless, a thing of beauty in the eyes of a large number of Methodists, until the 20th of June, 1877, when, together with nearly all the churches of the city, it went down in that terrible conflagration which swallowed up the property of the citizens of St. John to the amount of twenty-two millions of dollars ($22,000,000). After the fire the present handsome stone structure was erected at a cost of $50,000. The present pastor, the Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, A.M., is a worthy successor of the long line of noble men who, since Bishop's day, have watched over the spiritual interests of the old Germain Street Circuit.

In the year 1834, a young man was appointed as Superintendent of the St. John Circuit, whose wise foresight and indomitable energy had not a little to do in giving Methodism, under the Divine blessing, its present prestige in this city—a young man whose name, half a century ago, was a household word among the youth of our families, and which still is as ointment poured forth—the name of the venerable Honorary Missionary Secretary, the Rev. Enoch Wood, D.D. Not long after his arrival in St. John, Mr. Wood's congregations became

so large that another church seemed to many to be a necessity. Under the judicious leadership of Mr. Wood, the edifice known as Centenary Methodist Church, St. John, was dedicated on the 18th of August, 1839.

In June, 1877, "Old Centenary," like its sister churches of the city, succumbed to the flames. With characteristic energy and devotion, notwithstanding the loss of their homes and places of business, our people addressed themselves to the work of erecting another house for the Lord of Hosts. On the 27th of August, 1882, the dedication of the new church took place. The total cost, including the spire—not yet finished—and school-house, is placed at $80,000. Under the leadership of the present devoted pastor, the Rev. W. W. Brewer, this church is accomplishing much for humanity and God.

The harbour of St. John, through which the magnificent river of the same name, after a course of 450 miles, debouches into the Bay of Fundy, divides the city into two sections. The western part of the city is called Carleton, in honour of Thomas Carleton, the first Governor of the Province. A class-meeting was organized in that part of the city as early as 1809. Regular preaching was established a year or two later.

In 1844 a new church was dedicated to the worship of God. Important and expensive alterations were made in it during 1886. This sanctuary, which has been the scene of many displays of saving power, is regarded as being, internally, one of the handsomest places of worship in the Maritime Provinces.

Portland, at an early date a suburb of St. John, has now assumed the status of a distinct city. In the year 1826, preaching was more regularly and frequently established in Portland. In 1829 the first Methodist church—and indeed the first church of any denomination in Portland—was set apart for the worship of Almighty God. In 1841 it was destroyed by fire. In less than twelve months a larger and more beautiful edifice was erected. The Methodist Church in Portland has been literally tried as by fire. In October, 1877, only about three months after the adjacent city had, to a large extent, been laid in ashes, and when three of the five Methodist churches had been consumed, this "beautiful house" shared the fiery fate of its predecessors. In 1881 the congregation took formal possession of their new church.

Exmouth Street Church, like many other forces, both material and moral, has grown from small beginnings. Cottage

prayer-meetings, a class-meeting in a private dwelling, and a Sunday-school organized in an unfinished building near the outskirts of the city, may be regarded as constituting the *nuclei* of this now large and flourishing church.

Carmarthen Street Church is the youngest and feeblest of the sisterhood of Methodist churches in this city. Its inception dates back to July, 1868. Revs. Dr. Stewart and Dr. Lathern, assisted by devoted members of the city churches, realizing the necessity of doing something for the moral improvement of a socially degraded locality in the city, commenced a series of open-air services in the south end. The weather becoming too cold for out-door meetings, a loft over a stable was obtained, and in that place worship was conducted and the present Sunday-school organized. Soon after a young minister was appointed to take charge of the congregation and a school-room erected. The present pastor and his co-labourers are working energetically for the salvation of souls,—especially for the restoration to purity and respectability of the fallen in the locality referred to,—and their work is being graciously owned of God.

Fairville, a flourishing village about three miles from St. John, is situated on the right bank of the St. John River. The Provincial Lunatic Asylum, the Cantilever Bridge which spans the St. John near its mouth, and the Falls whose troubled waters rush in opposite directions twice in every twenty-four hours, are not far from this place. In 1864 it was set off as a distinct circuit. The church, erected in 1862, has been enlarged and improved several times, and has made rapid progress financially and spiritually.

Courtney Bay Mission, including several hamlets in the County of St. John, was erected into a circuit in 1878. The spiritual interests of the localities included in this mission were formerly cared for almost entirely by the local preachers of St. John. It is the field in which this excellent class of helpers still do most of their preaching. There are three new churches in the circuit, with several other preaching places.

Standing upon the vantage ground furnished by the latter half of this last decade in the first century of Methodism in St. John, and glancing hurriedly back at the intermediate years, we may well, as a Church, thank God and take courage. Stephen Humbert and his co-religionists of 1791 are justly held in esteem by the goodly succession of more than five thousand

Methodists of St. John and vicinity. The little church in which Bishop and his congregation worshipped is succeeded by the commodious and elegant churches already described. The Sunday-school watched over by Taylor and his associates has its lineal descendants in the efficient Methodist Sunday-schools of this community, with their nearly 2,000 officers, teachers, and scholars. The little one has indeed become a thousand. This is the Lord's doings and it is marvellous in our eyes. "According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought!"

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

"WESTWARD the course of Empire takes its way"
From that far eastern cradle-land
In which the germ of after-empire lay,
Safe shielded in God's hollow hand.

On Shinar's plains, amid its crystal streams
Was reared the architrave and dome:
There mighty Nimrod dreamed his lofty dreams,
There Empire made its earliest home.

Westward again to the old land of Nile
Now restless empire took its flight,
Where hovering with outstretched wings erstwhile
It winnowed back the primal night,

Waking that old land from its lotos-dream
To the quick life of Art's young morn,
Whose trophies down the ages flash and gleam
And laugh our pigmy arts to scorn.

Amid thy fertile vales and rocky heights arose,
O Greece, the empire of the soul:
Far-blazoning the night its beacon glows
Quenchless for aye. The echoes roll

Of Liberty's immortal watchward down
The verberant ages' deep abime,
Making, O Attica, thy fair renown
A talisman in every clime.

Next, Rome we hail proud Empress of the world :
Her sons like very gods sat throned.
From grasp grown weak the sceptre dropped, and hurled
To earth Rome's empire fell. Then groaned

Religion, Art and Learning at its fall ;
Their lamp faint fluttered and then—died ;
A starless darkness settled like a pall
Upon the world as though Hope lied

And morn would never come. By Arno's side
The Arethusan fount arose :
The western nations quaffed its classic tide,
And westward streamed wide overflows

Of learning, art and poetry to thy
Rude isle, O Britain, where at length
Fair Liberty and Law sit throned on high,
And woman's hand hath monarch's strength.

Britannia from her sapphire-circled throne
Stretches her hand across the sea ;
Her meteor flag unfurled in every zone
Behold, which bids the slave—"Be free !"

On tireless wing across the Western main
Once more bold Empire takes her flight
With Liberty, fair goddess in her train.
America, upon thy bright

And verdurous shores they light and make their home.
The Sires of empire for a time
Pause on the glorious Future's threshold stone,
And then take up their march sublime

Through western vales, o'er western plains, to where
The mountains lift their menace vain
'Gainst the resistless van of nations. There
They gaze upon the Western main,—

They reach its shore,—they launch their westward barks
Forth to rejuvenate old lands
Which long have worn of feeble age the marks.
They link mankind in loving bands,

Girdling the world in brotherhood's bright chain
Till our green earth shall be a broad
And holy altar—heaven's cope its fane—
And Empire's keys be giv'n to God.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER III.—THE MASTER OF ASKE.

THE moral atmosphere, like the physical one, becomes impregnated with certain aromas—absent people rule over us, get hold of us by the forces of antipathy or attraction. As Burley left the mill he was conscious of being under a dominion of this kind. His daughter had taken possession of him. She compelled him to leave his business and his bargains; she called him to her by an attraction which he did not understand, but yet felt compelled to obey.

It was a lovely afternoon, and he had a ride of six miles, a distance not worth naming in connection with the animal he was behind. Jonathan was very fond of horses, and very kind to them. It was only his strong religious instincts which had prevented him from being a jockey. "When I was young," he often said, "I was all for horses! My word, I could sit anything, and jump anything right and left!" The last two miles were through the shady beech woods and fine parks of the Aske Manor, and the effect upon Burley's temper was a beneficial one. The man who inherited such a grand old mansion and such rich lands through twelve generations of gentlemen was one not to be rated like a cotton-spinner. He told himself that Aske might have rights peculiarly his own, and that any woman would owe something to the love which had selected her from all the world to share such an honourable position.

Aske had also been peculiarly generous about Eleanor's fortune. He would have married her without a penny, if Burley had not insisted on making over positively the fifty thousand pounds he intended as his daughter's portion. Riding slowly through Aske's lands, Burley got a view of his son-in-law's side of the quarrel; and he was more just to him than he had been in Burley House and in Burley Mills. He even began to suspect that Eleanor might have been "trying." He remembered certain times in his own experience when she had been "beyond everything" so; and he made up his mind to give no encouragement to her unreasonable demand, for he was quite sure now they were in the main unreasonable.

But when a man reckons up a woman in her absence, his decisions are very apt to amount to nothing when brought face to face with her. Just as soon as Burley met his daughter she regained her influence over him. She was sitting in her own

parlour, a dainty room full of all sorts of pretty luxuries, and sweet with stands of exquisite flowers. Never had she seemed so radiantly beautiful in his eyes. Her flowing robe of soft scarlet merino gave a wonderful brilliancy to the snow and rose of her complexion and the pale gold of her loosened hair. She flung down the novel she was reading at his entrance, and with a cry of joy went to meet him.

"*Father! Father!*"

The dear, simple words flung the inmost door of his heart open to her. He took her in his arms and kissed her. "My lass, my dear lass! I am glad to see thee." She drew the low chair in which she had been sitting beside him, and took his large, brown hand between her white, jewelled ones, and stroked and fondled it. Aske was out riding, and Burley determined to take the opportunity and talk wisely to his child. He would advise her to do what was kind and right, but at the same same time he knew that, right or wrong, he would defend her to the last shilling of his money and the last hour of his life.

But who can reason with a high-tempered woman into whom the spirit of wilful contradiction has entered? The quarrel between Eleanor and her husband had come to a struggle for supremacy, and Eleanor was determined not to submit. And alas! the tenacity with which a woman will hold a post of this kind is amazing; there is no driving her from it, no compromise, no terms of capitulation of which she can conceive.

In the midst of a very unsatisfactory conversation Aske entered. He was a small, slight man of fair complexion, with an honest, kindly face, and a pleasant shrewdness in the eyes. Jonathan could have carried him almost as easily as a child; but inches and weight were no indication of the real man. The real Anthony Aske was self-poised, quickly observant, and cool-headed, without being cold. He had a refined mouth, a wilful chin, and those wide-open gray-eyes, with the bluish tint of steel in them, that always indicate a resolute and straightforward character. He looked at Eleanor as he entered the room, and his glance roused and irritated her; but she met it fearlessly, with her handsome head a little on one side and perceptibly lifted, and a smile which was at once attractive and provoking.

Aske had a great respect for his father-in-law, and no intention whatever of making him a partner in his domestic troubles. To tell the truth he was not seriously uneasy about them. He had anticipated some difficulty in transforming the spoiled daughter into an obedient, gentle wife; but any doubts as to his ultimate success had never assailed him. "The Taming of the Shrew" is a drama every young husband believes himself capable of playing; and Eleanor's anger and scorn, her

disobediences, and her sins of omission and commission against his authority, were not things which greatly dismayed or hurt him. He loved her none the less as yet for them; and he confidently looked forward to a time when she would acknowledge the matrimonial bit, and answer the lightest touch of his guiding rein. In the interval he felt the dispute to be entirely their own, and he desired neither assistance nor sympathy from outsiders regarding it.

He met Burley with the frankest welcome, and soon took him away to the gardens and stables. Jonathan was greatly impressed with all he saw. Aske's was evidently the eye of the diligent and kind master. In the gardens, the hothouses, the park, the most beautiful profusion and the most beautiful order reigned. The great court, surrounded by the stables and barns and granaries, was a place for men to linger delightedly in. Aske was fond of horses, and he knew a great deal about them; but that day Jonathan Burley amazed him. He looked at the cotton-spinner with admiration, and the cotton-spinner keenly enjoyed his little triumph.

For two hours the men were really happy together, and they had found one topic at least on which both could talk with unflagging interest. Eleanor watched them coming along the terrace talking with animation, her father's hand upon her husband's shoulder, and Anthony's gay, short laugh chorusing some merry recital of Jonathan's younger days. Her heart burned with anger. She felt as if her father was a traitor to her cause. As for her husband, he was trying to put himself in matrimonial colours which he did not deserve; trying to deceive her father, and to give him a wrong impression as to his treatment of her.

When Aske, under the happy influence of that confidential two hours, met her, it was with lover-like admiration and affection. She had dressed herself with wonderful skill and taste, and his eyes brightened with pleasure as he looked at her. But she answered his glance with one of intelligent scorn. She was determined he should understand that she had seen through his effusive demonstrations towards her father. So the dinner, though an excellent one, faultlessly served, was a very painful meal. Eleanor was satirical, mocking, brilliant, almost defiant, and Jonathan suffered keenly amid the flying shafts of her ready tongue. But he remembered that a little meddling will make a deal of care, and he tried to pass over the unpleasant doubtful speeches. As for Aske he received them with an impassive good-humour; he talked well and rapidly, and kept the conversation as far as possible from all domestic topics.

After dinner there was a most uncomfortable two hours; but Aske throughout them exhibited in a marked manner the influence which gentle traditions and fine breeding exercise.

Upon his own hearth-stone he would protect his father-in-law from every annoyance, if it were possible to do so; and though he was naturally a much more passionate man than Burley, he never once suffered his good temper to desert him amid his wife's innuendoes and scornful sarcasms.

Not so with Jonathan. He was astonished, pained, and then angry, and when this point had been reached he showed it by lapsing into a frowning silence. But Eleanor seemed possessed by a spirit of aggravation; her father's evident disapproval taught her no restraint, and her husband's amiability nettled and irritated her. At length Burley rose impatiently and said, "Aske, I'll be obliged to thee if thou wilt order my gig. I'd better be going, I'm sure."

Left for a few minutes with his daughter, he turned to her, and asked, sternly, "Whatever is t' matter wi' thee? Thou hast behaved thysen varry badly to-night. Thou niver acted like this at Burley; and if thou had, I would have put an end to it varry soon—thou may be sure o' that."

"Nobody ordered me about at Burley. I did just what I wanted to do. You never quarrelled with me, father."

"I'm varry sure it wasn't thy husband as was quarrelsome to-night. Far from it. He was patient beyond iverything. A better man to bear wi' a cross, unreasonable, provoking woman I niver saw! Niver!"

"You know nothing about him, father. Patient! Why, he has the angry word before the angry thought; and as for being quarrelsome, sooner than want a reason for a dispute, Anthony would quarrel with Aske, and Aske with Anthony."

"I warn thee, Eleanor. Take care what thou art doing. It is far easier to put t' devil in a good husband than to get him out. If thy mother hed iver talked to me as thou talked to Anthony this night, I would have gone to t' mill and I would hev stopped there till she said she was 'shamed o' hersen; yes, I would, if I'd stopped there the rest o' my life."

"I suppose all husbands are alike. I have no doubt they are."

"Nay, then, they aren't. There are some varry bad ones, and some varry good ones. Thou hes got a better than thou deserves. And don't thou forget one thing—thou can sow scornful, doubtful speeches if thou wants to, but thou will be sure to reap a fine harvest of plain, even-down hatred and sorrow. Mind what I say."

But though he thought it right to speak thus to her, he had never loved and admired her so much. Marriage had developed the beautiful girl into a splendidly brilliant woman. The magnificence of her dress at dinner, the haughty confidence of her manner affected him strangely. He rode home in a conflict of emotion, but the end of every train of thought was the

same—"she was a good, loving lass when she was under my roof, and there is bound to be summat wrong wi' Aske, or wi' his way o' managing her."

The night was dark and close, and Jonathan was unusually sad; for it is the best natures that are most easily subjugated by moral miasmas. He had been full of love and hope, and suddenly a supposition of evil and sorrow had put its hand upon him. He could not close his ears or pass it by. It had taken its place upon his hearth-stone, and he was compelled to listen to it. He was in an atmosphere of an ill-conditioned temper, of a soul determined to quarrel with existence, and he was worried by an uncertainty which doubled his anxieties. For though he was angry with Eleanor, he was yet inclined to believe that her rebellion was, in some way or other, entirely Aske's fault. "It isn't fair," he muttered, "to badger a lass into such a way! I think little of a man that can't give up a bit to his wife."

When he reached his park gates, Ben Holden was slowly walking about in front of them. He came up to the gig as Jonathan tightened the reins, and said, "Thou's earlier than might be."

"Whatever art thou here for? Is owt wrong at t' mill?"

"Not likely. There is an offer from Longworthy, and he wants 'yes' or 'no' in t' morning. Thou knows thy mind on that subject, and we'd better send a night message."

"Ay, we had. Get into t' gig, and we'll talk it over."

When the house was reached, Burley said, "That's all about Longworthy; but come in and hev a bit o' cold meat. I want to talk to thee." Then turning to the groom: "Mind thou rubs t' little beast down well, and give him a good supper and bed. I'll mebbe be in to see after thee."

There was a rack in the chimney-corner full of long, clean clay pipes; and after the "bit o' cold meat" the two men sat down to smoke. Hitherto their talk had been of wool and yarns and wages, but after a short silence Jonathan said, "I hev been to Aske Hall."

"Well?"

"Nay, it isn't well. It is varry ill, as far as I can see. I don't know whativer is come over my lass. She was always bidable wi' me. I can't help blaming Aske, though he was as patient and kind as niver was to-night."

"Aske is a tight master; he's more than likely to be a tight husband."

"And my Eleanor is none used to take either bid or buffet."

"That's where all t' trouble wi' womankind begins. If Aske hedn't set her up on a monument when he was courting her, she wouldn't hev hed to come down to t' common level after it. If iver I go a-courting, I'll tell no lies to t' lass. I'll

not mak' her an angel before the wedding, and nobbut a wife after it."

"Thou art a wise man, Ben, but when thou falls in love thou wilt do as wiser men than thee hev done."

"Ah, *when I fall in love.* But this is what I mean. Aske, before he got wed, was niver happy but when he was doing this and doing that, and running here and running there to pleasure his lady. It was 'What can I get thee?" and 'What shall I say to thee?' and 'What can I do for thee?' And whether she smiled or frowned she was perfect. He liked to dawdle round her better than to go hunting or shooting. He thought little o' Aske Hall then, and was forever at thy house. His place on the magistrate's bench was always empty, for he were sitting at Miss Burley's feet. As for farming matters, or government matters, he reckoned nowt o' them. He were too happy singing fal-la-la songs wi' thy lass, or rambling hand in hand wi' her in t' garden or park. Now then, he gets wed, and all at once t' angel, and t' queen, and t' mistress of his soul and life is turned into a varry faultable woman. He not only stops all his false worship, but he wants to get up on t' monument himsen and hev t' deposed idol do the worshipping. My word! It's not natural to expect it—that is if t' idol has any feelings more than a stick or a stone."

"Now thou talks sensible. But heving found out t' cause o' t' trouble, what would ta do to mend it?"

"I would speak to Aske quietly, and advise him to tak his freedom without any swagger. Mistress Aske will come down step by step if he'll give her a helping hand and a pleasant word. And I'd speak to her likewise, and tell her that a wife's glory is her obedience. Thou knows."

"Nay, Ben, it's bachelors that know all about women and wives; I'll tell thee what, it's hard on my Eleanor, in any case."

For Jonathan loved his daughter very tenderly, and her little joyful cry of "*Father! father!*" still echoed in his memory. He looked around his lonely, silent rooms, and remembered how bright and gay they had been during the few happy years when she had held a kind of court in them. Nothing that his friend had said had helped him much, yet it had been some comfort to talk of his trouble to one whom he knew to be both wise and faithful. Still, at the end of an hour's conversation little had been gained, and as their friendship had no pretences, Ben said, as he was leaving, "I hevn't done thee any good; and Jonathan answered, "No, thou hesn't. I didn't expect it."

"Varry well, then, thou knows *Who* can do thee good, and if I'd been thee I would hev gone to Him first off."

And Jonathan bent his head in reply, and then went to his lonely room, where he sat still, brooding over his heavy thoughts for some time. For though he kept saying to himself,

"It's only a bit of a tiff, and most couples have them," he could not get rid of a presentiment that he had entered into the chill of a long-shadowed sorrow. But when he rose up from his sombre meditation he went to a little table on which there was a Bible, and he laid his open palm upon it, and said, softly, "*Like as a father pitieth his children—*" and in the solemn pause and upward glance there was a mighty and a comprehensive petition that only God could answer.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MASTER'S LOVE.

An admirable reticence distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon concerning the woman he loves. A Frenchman will talk you blind about his Julia's eyes, and ride about the world with the name of his lady-love forever on the tip of his tongue; but not even to Ben Holden did Jonathan talk much of his love for Sarah Benson. Yet it had become the sweetest part of his life. Without absolutely watching her, he was aware of all things which concerned her, and her presence and movements made upon him that impression which the most trifling facts connected with the person we love must make.

It was a fine night in the middle of January, and Jonathan had been to the chapel at a leader's meeting. The financial affairs of the circuit were very much in his hands, and he managed them with the same prudence that he managed the affairs of his own mill. But it was not of them he was musing as he walked thoughtfully home in the moonlight. His daughter's troubles lay heavy upon his heart, for things had not grown pleasanter between Aske and his wife during the past three months. With all the love and authority which his relationship warranted he had advised the unhappy woman; but advice is a medicine few people ever really take. And even where it accorded with Eleanor's own convictions of right, she generally found excuses for setting it aside. "The more I submit, father," she said, passionately, that very afternoon, "the more unreasonable and tyrannical he is;" and Jonathan had reflected with a sigh that such a result was natural, and to be expected.

Little good came of his anxiety and worry, but yet he could not keep his daughter's marriage out of his mind, and doubtless he let it "fret him to evil" every time he entertained it. This night as he thought of his beautiful child, and of the fifty thousand pounds which he had so cheerfully given to make her happy, he felt bitter and hard towards his son-in-law. And to Aske he had not been able to speak. Once only he had attempted to open the delicate subject, and the young husband

had met the overture with such a frigid coldness and haughty air as to effectually check Jonathan's further advances.

His sorrow made him feel his loneliness, his need of human kindness and of human love, and then his heart turned to Sarah Benson. He had hoped that when his daughter went to Aske, Sarah would be more inclined to listen to his suit: but even in this respect things had gone badly with him. He felt that she avoided him, and he saw that her eyes were full of trouble. The road between Barton Chapel and Burley House was a lonely bit of highway, running along the edge of the moor, with Barton Woods on one side of it. Men in groups of two and three passed him at intervals; they were mill-hands, with the loud, grating voices of men leading a hard life, so he easily gathered from their conversation that they had been to the weekly prayer-meeting. They all gave him a "Good-night, master!" as they passed; and he watched them trudging down the hill to their little cottages, with a half-conscious remembrance of the days when he had been their fellow.

There were several paths through Barton Woods leading from the road to the little villages on the other side of it. Suddenly Jonathan heard the voice of some one coming singing through the lonely place—singing as the untutored sing, with a shrill melancholy, dwelling chiefly on the high notes. He knew the voice well, and he stood still to listen.

"'I have waited for thee,' He murmured,
'Through weary nights and days,
Beside the well in the twilight,
And along thy devious ways—
But thou wert content to miss Me,'
And I met His tender gaze.

"'Content no more, sweet Master,
Except Thou be with me
From this time forth in the city,
Where my daily toil must be;
And at evening-time by the fountain,
Where I will sing to Thee.'

"He raised me up and blessed me,
That sweet yet awful Priest;
He gave me the Cup of Blessing
From the eternal Feast,
The wine with hues more radiant
Than sunrise in the east."

Here the singer came to a little stile, fifty yards in advance of Jonathan, passed over it into the highway, and went forward, singing,

"Dear heart, I have found the Master,
He is sweet beyond compare;

He will save and comfort the weary soul,
He will make thee white and fair.
Not as I gave will He give,
But wine divine and rare."

"Sarah!"

"He is with me in the tumult
Of the city harsh and dim;
And at evening by the fountain,
Where I sit and sing to Him.
Now He wears a veil of shadows
On the face divine and fair,
But His angels whisper to me,
'There will be no shadow there.'"

"Sarah!"

She turned and stood still until Jonathan reached her.

"I thought it was thy voice I heard in Barton Woods. Eh, lass! I am glad to see thee. Is all well wi' thee?"

"I try to think so, master. One musn't expect too much o' this life."

"Steve's loom has stood still varry often lately. It's enough to try anybody's patience. It is that."

"I know it, master. But thou wilt bear a bit longer wi' him?"

"Is that what thou thinks?"

"Ay, it is."

"I'll do anything thou asks me to do. Sarah, can thou give me one kind thought? I would be glad to bear a' thy crosses for thee. If thou would marry me I would put up wi' all that thou loves for thy dear sake. Can ta see thy way clear to wed me, Sarah?"

As they stood together he lifted up her hand and clasped it between his own. The moonlight fell all over Sarah's slight figure in its own black cloak, and gave a touching beauty to her face, perfectly outlined by the little woollen kerchief pinned tightly over the head and under the chin.

"Can ta see thy way clear to wed me, Sarah?"

"Nay, I can't. I am in a deal o' trouble about Steve."

"I'll do owt thou wishes for Steve. He is thy brother, and I can do a deal for thy sake."

"He's a varry proud lad, sir. He'll not take a halfpenny from anybody."

"Not he. He takes thy money, and thy time, and all thou hes."

"Ay, he does that; but he has a right to 'em. Five minutes before mother died she asked me niver to give Steve up, niver to leave him as long as he needed me. She entered heaven wi' my promise in her hands. Dost ta think I can break it? Would ta want me to break it? I can't give my life to him and to thee, too. Thou wouldn't want me with a broken vow and a half heart, Jonathan Burley?"

"God bless thee, Sarah. Do thy duty, my lass; I can go on loving and waiting."

"Then good-night, master. I'll go home without thee. We might happen meet folk nearer t' village, and there's them that would see wrong if their eyes were out."

Jonathan waited on the stile and watched her down the hill. She sung no more. She felt that he had come very close to her heart and the longing for the rest and for the higher things which would be a part of the love offered her, was so strong for a moment or two that it cost her a few heavy tears to put all hope of them away. Her eyes were still misty when she reached the cottage. The key had been left at a neighbour's, and she hoped Steve was at home. But all was dark and lonely.

If for a little while she had fainted in spirit the weakness was over. She put the fire together, and the cheery blaze was soon making pictures among the pewter and crockery on the cottage walls. Then she brought the table before it and laid it for supper. "He'll varry like be hungry when he comes in," she whispered to herself; and she cut a slice of cold mutton and shred an onion with it, and set the pan to simmer on the hob. She hurried for fear all would not be ready when he arrived; but ten o'clock struck, and the savory dish began to waste away, and she was so hungry that she was compelled to eat her haver-cake and cheese alone.

It was eleven o'clock when Steve came, and there was a look on his face she had never seen there before—a look of exultation and pleasure, uncertain in character, and attended with an unusual silence.

"My lad, what's the matter wi' thee? Thou doesn't eat thy victuals, either; there's summat up."

"Ay, there is; but I'm feared to tell thee."

"Nay, but thou needn't be. Is ta in any trouble?"

"Not I, lass. I'm varry happy. Nobbut I'm going to be wed."

"Thou—art—what?"

"Going to be wed."

She stood up and looked at him, turning white as she did so, even to her lips. A sense of wrong and a great anger welled up in her heart; and she lifted the loaf and went with it into the pantry to hide the tears she could not suppress.

Steve kept his eyes on his plate. He was eating with a keen relish, now that his confession was made; but there was a bitter moment or two in Sarah's heart ere she could command herself sufficiently to ask, "Who is ta going to wed?"

"Joyce Barnes."

"Niver!"

"Ay; it's a wonder such a bonny lass should hev me. But Joyce hes promised, and I'm that set up to-night, I can scarce tell what I'm doing or saying."

"How is ta going to keep her?"

"I'll work steady now. I've been so bothered about Joyce lately that I couldn't work; but I'll miss no days now."

"Then thou wilt do more for Joyce Barnes than iver thou did either for thy mother or me."

"It need make no difference between us, Sarah."

"Ay, but it will."

"And thou needn't make any change for my wedding. There is room enough for three, I'se warrant.

Sarah looked quickly into the handsome, wavering countenance. It was evident to her, from Steve's remark, that he considered the furniture of the cottage his own. Yet it had been slowly gathered by Sarah's mother and by Sarah herself. He had never taken a thought about it, or given a shilling towards it. But still he had a comfortable conviction that whatever a parent left belonged of right to the son, in preference to the daughter. And Sarah felt that if Steve chose to take all on this ground, he must do so. She would scorn to claim even the additions made with her own earnings since her mother's death, unless Steve should recognize her right and insist upon her taking them."

When she talked the matter over with him in the morning he made no allusion to these articles. Perhaps his facile mind had forgotten them; at any rate his own anxiety was to make the cottage as pretty as possible for his bride. "And I'll trust it all to thee Sarah," he said, with a calm, unconscious selfishness that roused in his sister's heart almost as much pity as anger. For she considered that he had been accustomed all his life to look upon her self-denial as his peculiar right; and, after all, it was like expecting consideration from a child to expect it from Steve.

"I'll hev everything as sweet and clean as hands can make 'em," she answered; "but, Steve, Joyce can do what she likes with t' room that will be empty up-stairs."

"What dost ta mean, Sarah? Isn't ta going to keep thy own room? There's no fear but what Joyce will be varry pleasant with thee; and we'll get along very contented together."

"Does ta really think I am going to bide on here?"

"To be sure I do. Why not?"

"My word! but thou is mistaken, then. Joyce and me hev nothing likely between us. She hesn't a pleasure above a new dress or a picnic, and she'll hev no end o' company here. I couldn't live among such carryings-on—not I. Old Martha Crossley will let me hev a room, and thou will get on varry well without me. I can see that, my lad."

For it wounded her terribly that Steve made scarcely a decent opposition to this plan, though in reality he was more thoughtless than heartless in the matter. Only, when thoughtlessness wounds love, it is a cruel sin; and Sarah was in a state

of rebellious grief the next two weeks. But she cleaned the cottage with an almost superfluous care, though the whitwashing and scrubbing and polishing had all to be done between mill hours. The bitter tears she shed over the work she permitted no human eye to see; for she was well aware that her grief would be little understood—would even, perhaps, be imputed to selfish and unworthy motives.

Yet the simple fact of Steve's marriage was not what hurt her. She had expected that event, had looked forward to it, and begun to love the girl she had hoped would have been his choice—a good industrious girl, with whom she would have gladly shared her brother's love and the comfortable home her labour and economy had made. But Joyce Barnes!—a gay, idle, extravagant lass of seventeen years, whose highest ambition was a bonnet with artificial flowers—that was a different thing.

Then, also, she had been excluded from all share or sympathy in the affair. Steve had given her no confidence—had never, indeed, named Joyce to her. Perhaps he had feared that she would oppose the marriage; but she felt quite sure that if Steve had confessed his love, and asked her to bear with Joyce, and help her to do right, she could have loved her for his sake. But she had only been thought of when the wedding had been arranged, and her presence in the cottage was likely to interfere with the lovers. Steve had always brought his troubles to her for help and consolation, but he had deliberately shut her out from the joy of his love and marriage.

The day before it took place she got a room from Martha Crossley, and moved her box of clothing there. She did not touch the smallest thing that had been used in common; but it was not without a pang she resigned the simple chairs and tables, bought with much self-denial, and endeared to her by the memory of her mother who had shared it. In the savings-bank there was the sum of eleven pounds in their joint names. Nearly every shilling of it had been placed there by Sarah, and Steve was well aware of the fact. Yet when she proposed to divide it equally, he accepted the proposal without a demur. For of all human creatures, lovers are most shamelessly selfish: and at this time Steve was ready to sacrifice any one for the pretty girl he was going to marry. It was Sarah's money, and he knew it; but his one thought in the matter was, that it would enable him to take his bride to Blackpool for a whole week.

The summer which followed this marriage was full of grief to Sarah—grief of that kind which lets the life out in pinpricks—small, mean griefs, that a brave, noble heart folds the raiment over and bears. Steve's ostentatious happiness was almost offensive, and she could not but notice that he was never now

absent from his loom. She told herself that she ought to be glad, and that she was glad; but still she could not help a sigh for the mother-love and the sister-love which he had so long tried and wounded by his indifference and his laziness.

They met at the mill every day, and Sarah always asked kindly after Joyce. There was little need, however, to do so. Steve could talk of nothing but Joyce—her likings and dislikings, her ailments, her new dresses, or the friends who had been to take a bit of supper with them. Now, it is far easier for a woman to be self-denying than to be just; and, in spite of all her efforts, Sarah did often feel it very hard to listen to him with a show of interest and good humour.

About the end of the summer there came a change. Steve had finished a beautiful web, and it brought him to the notice of a firm who offered him a larger wage than he was receiving from Burley. "Don't thee take such an offer, Steve," urged Sarah. "Burley hes been varry good and patient wi' thee. Thou may get five shillings a week more and be the worse off, I can tell thee that."

But Joyce thought differently. "Steve's work wasn't common work," she said, "and he had been underpaid for a long time. Steve had a right to better himsen; and it was fair selfishness in Sarah to want to keep him backward, just so as she could hev him working at her elbow." Besides, Joyce had calculated that the five shillings extra would give them a trip every other week; it would do, in fact, so many fine things that Steve felt as if it would be throwing away a fortune to refuse the offer.

So he left Burley's Mill and went to Chorley's, and held himself quite above his old work-fellows in the change. Burley let him go without a word of remonstrance. He was almost glad when there was another face at his loom; yet he watched Sarah anxiously, to see how the change affected her. She was paler, and she sang less at her work, but this alteration had been a gradual one—so gradual that nobody but Jonathan had noticed it.

He looked in vain, however, for any recognition from her. Every day, when he visited the weaving-room his glance asked her a question she never answered. He tried to meet her coming from chapel; but if he did so she was always with some of her mates, and he could only pass on with a "Good-night, lasses!" to their greeting.

But though all our plans fail, when the time comes the meeting is sure; and one night, as Jonathan was leaving a friend's house at a very late hour, he saw a figure before him that he knew on sight, under any circumstances. He was astonished that Sarah should be out so late, especially as the rain was pouring down, and the night so black that nothing was dis-

tinguishable excepting as it passed the misty street lamps. They were quite alone, the village was asleep, and he was soon at her side.

"I hev found thee by thysen at last, Sarah. Whereiver hes ta been, my lass?"

"Granny Oddy is dying. I was keeping the watch until midnight with her."

"What hes ta to say to me now? Steve has left thee altogether now, hesn't he?"

"Ay, but I can't leave him."

"He doesn't need thee now, Sarah."

"But he's going to need me, and that's worse than iver."

"Why-a! I thought he wer doing extra well."

"I think he was never doing so badly. They are living at heck and manger, master; and Joyce hed a little lass last week, and she's varry dwining and sick. I went there last night, and cleaned up things a bit for her. It isn't like t' old place; not at all."

"Hes ta no word of hope for me, then?"

"Nay, I hevn't; not yet."

"It's varry hard on me, Sarah."

"Happen it isn't easy on other folk."

"Thank thee, lass. There's a bit o' comfort in them words. Some day I'll bear thy troubles for thee. I shall still hope for that."

THE ROYAL PEACE-MAKER.*

BY M. E. A.

COUNT BISMARCK strode through the halls of state,
Where he reigned beside his king;
Nor, of haughty mien, could brook to wait
The words of men or stroke of fate,
But counselled the gauntlet of war to fling;
His heart was proud,
"Who conquered late,"
He said, "is sure again to win."

* A few words of explanation may be necessary to recall the political situation of Europe at the period to which the poem refers. The attempt by Napoleon to get possession of Savoy, the armed protest of Prussia, the attitude of the Russian Government, which had not recovered from the mortification of the part taken by France in the Crimean war, and the inflammable state of public feeling generally at the close of the Austro-Italian conflict, when men seemed to be standing yet with their right hand upon their sword-hilts—these were the general circumstances of the time. It was at this crisis, when all parties augured, from appearance, the most sanguinary war of modern times, that Her Majesty interfered, and by her personal influence averted so dire a calamity.

And proud was France ; should her spirit quail,
For the tyrant of the hour?
Should her conquering banner stoop to trail?
The fame of gallant Frenchmen fail
At Prussian insolence of power?
The Czar looked on,
Perhaps he smiled
To see the War Storm lower.

The prize between the nations lay ;
But who dared stretch forth his hand
To take by storm or the price to pay,
Drew on his head the fierce affray,
And blasting and ruin on his land.
With jealous throb
They stood at bay,
And the fires of hate were fanned.

Remembered hopes that had been delayed,
And remembered wrongs from their silence crept,
And revenges deep that for time had stayed
Came out of the darkness where they slept.
So the eagle, that swoops to seize its prey
Starts the Vulture's ravenous brood ;
Nought boding good
In the darkened horizon lay.

The air grew rife with the stealthy sound
As ships from their moorings creaked,
With the wide-mouthed cannon bristling round ;
And arsenal doors on their hinges ground
And clattering engines grimly shrieked,
As they sped their way
With arms and men
On their secret errands bound.

Count Bismarck stood in the halls of state,
When he reigned beside his king,
And beneath his eye a parchment waits ;
Ambition stormed at the castle gates ;
But words of peace like an angel's wing
Have stirred the air ;
From England's Queen
The couriers a message bring.

A magic power had the stroke of her pen,
And opened the sluices of feeling wide ;
And the monarch of France was a man among men,
The dreams of his youth came back again,

"The Empire is peace"—On the flooding tide
Of generous thought
He met his foe,
And swore the terms of peace to abide.

O Britain, proud of thy Maiden Queen,
When she swept with youthful grace
The halls where ancestral thrones had been,
And drew with her sceptre the line between
The courtly vice of an age that was base
And virtue's shrine,
No coward fear
In her true soul leaving trace.

O Britain, proud of thy Matron Queen,
Who hath ruled with even hand,
Who hath ruled for the honour of her land,
By hostile eyes or friendly seen,
Found equal to all the high demand—
A nation's weal;
Trod dizzy steeps
But few can bear,
Walked nobly there with Christian mien.

O land that hast loved thy Widowed Queen,
Who wore her weeds with sorrowing grace,
And found in her breaking heart a place
For griefs, alike of great or mean,
And turned with earnest gaze her face
Where the woman's heart
And the sovereign's power
For the world a happier hour could win.

Accept of her noble deeds the crown:
From Europe is lifted the hand of doom;
She hath plucked the century plant in bloom,
And deftly woven a wreath of renown,
At the nation's feet,
With gladdened heart
To lay the trophy down.

ONE touch of Thine upon my eyes,
And these dark shadows all shall flee;
I'll see Thee near whom now afar
I worship, glorious One in Three.

O, touch my hands, that they may learn
Only Thy blessèd work to no;
And touch my feet, that they may run
Only in paths Thou'dst have them go!

The Higher Life.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

BY WILLIAM CALVERT.

I DO believe on Jesus,
For He hath died for me—
His precious Word declares it—
And I from sin am free.
My sins were laid on Jesus,
He took them all away ;
His love flows in upon me,
I'm joyful all the day.

His strength is my perfection,
His wisdom is my guide,
His grace is my election—
I nothing want beside ;
I revel in His goodness,
I sing aloud for joy,
To tell abroad His praises
Is now my sweet employ.

O blessed, only Saviour,
So full of truth and grace,
Control my whole behaviour,
Shed radiance on my face !
My life made all resplendent
With virtues from above—
Of this world independent,
So rich to me Thy love.

Thy love is like a fountain—
Calm, fathomless, and clear ;
Thy love like a great mountain
Most radiant doth appear.
O ! let me climb the mountain,
Rise clear into light,
Bathe ever in the fountain,
And keep my garments white.

HOLINESS—IDEAL AND REAL.

There is no dispute among Christians as to the fact that perfect holiness is the ideal of the Christian life. It is the standard at which we should all aim. Whether we can reach the heights of this blessed experience on this side death is the ground of stumbling. Those who claim that we can and should and do, set up a rock of offence before those who think to the contrary. Yet it is a little bit strange that those who believe in holiness as a good theory should be so disbelieving in holiness as a needed practice. Can God consistently set before our eyes a doctrinal scheme which is utterly impracticable ? Can He justly tantalize us by exhibiting a blessed life and experience in ideal which we can never attain to in fact ? Does God ever deal with His people in that way ? No, and the lives and testimonies of thousands of credible witnesses prove that He has not done so in regard to this doctrine. When God commands us to be perfect in love He intends we

shall be perfect in love. His grace is sufficient. He never requires an impossible thing. Our own experience as believers accords with God's promises that He will lead us on just as far as we consent to be led. Never has He failed. No man ever sought this blessing with a whole heart who did not find. And those who have sought and found have realized as never before that their souls had found the true shrine. Holiness is the felt want of the believing heart. Good men have ever yearned and struggled for it. Robert McCheyne says: "I am persuaded that I shall obtain the highest amount of present happiness; I shall do most for God's glory and the good of man, and I shall have the fullest reward in eternity by maintaining a conscience always washed in Christ's blood; by being filled with the Holy Spirit at all times, and by attaining the most entire likeness to Christ in mind, will and heart, that it is possible for a redeemed sinner to attain in this world." Brainerd tells us how we should long and strive for it: "I had intense and passionate breathings of soul after holiness, and very clear manifestations of my utter inability to procure or work it in myself; it is wholly owing to the power of God. O, with what tenderness the love and desire of holiness fills the soul! I wanted to wring out myself to God, or rather to get a conformity to Him; but, alas! I cannot add to my stature in grace one cubit. However my soul can never leave off striving for it, or at least groaning that it cannot obtain more purity of heart."

This is the experience which ministers need. James Brainerd Taylor thought so: "Ministers of all others, should be holy men. Christians everywhere—*and no common Christians*—always setting an example for the flock to imitate. O for perfect love, for complete sanctification for the office which awaits us." On a certain Sabbath he listened to a powerful sermon from a minister whom he believed to be holy, and he wrote: "I came away with the conviction that *holiness, holiness,* is the grand secret of effectual preaching."

Alleine shows by his practice, how careful and minute this holiness is: "Never to lie down but in the name of God, not barely for natural refreshment, but that a wearied servant of Christ may be recruited and fitted to serve Him better next day. Never to rise up but with this resolution: well, I will go forth this day in the name of God, and will make religion my business and spend the day for eternity. Never to enter upon

my calling, but first thinking I will do these things as unto God, because He required these things at my hands in the place and station He hath put me into. Never to sit down to the table, but resolving, I will not eat merely to please my appetite, but to strengthen myself for my Master's work. Never to make a visit but upon some holy design, resolving to leave something of God where I go; and in every company to leave some good sown behind."

Paring Down the Gospel.

When a man gets to cutting down sin, paring down depravity, and making little of future punishments, let him no longer preach to you. Some modern divines whittle away the Gospel to the small end of nothing. They make our Divine Lord to be a sort of nobody; they bring down salvation to mere salvation, make certainties into probabilities, and great verities as mere opinions. When you see a preacher making the Gospel small by degrees and miserably less, till there is not enough of it left to make soup for a sick grasshopper, get you gone.

As for me, I believe in the colossal; a need as deep as hell and grace as high as heaven. I believe in a pit that is bottomless and a heaven that is topless. I believe in an infinite God and an infinite atonement; infinite love and mercy; an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure, of which the substance and reality is an infinite Christ.—*Spurgeon.*

Use Both Oars.

Many Christians who pray do not labour for the conversion of souls; they only use one oar, and make no headway. Sir Walter was crossing one of the friths of Scotland. The ferryman had two oars; one was written "faith," and the other "works." He asked what that was for? "I will show you." He rowed with "works," one oar, and the boat kept whirling round; then he tried the other, and the boat whirled round and round; he tried both and the boat went ahead. This illustrates the connection between faith and works. Living faith produces works. Rowing with one oar is the reason why so many Christians make unbelievers, instead of being a bright testimony for Jesus.—*Words and Weapons.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

It has been decided to sell the Mission House in Bishopsgate, London, and build more suitable premises on the banks of the Thames. It is anticipated that the proceeds of the sale will be sufficient to erect such a Church House as Methodism needs, which will be used both for Church business and for social purposes.

The London Mission is regarded as the most important question now occupying the attention of the Methodist people in the Mother Country. A series of services have been held in various provincial towns by Revs. H. P. Hughes, Mark Guy Pearse and others, with a view to create a greater interest in this important subject. Great enthusiasm has been enkindled. Gigantic efforts are being made to reach the thousands of population who never enter a place of worship. The success at "Paddy's Goose," a well-known tavern which has now been converted into a grand Methodist centre, is marvellous, and warrants the expectation of what may be accomplished on behalf of the veriest outcasts of the great metropolis.

Conventions for purely spiritual work are numerously held in London and elsewhere. The services during the day partake much of the character of experience meetings, while those of the evening are usually crowded to overflowing and are of an evangelistic character. The doctrine of holiness is prominent in all the conventions.

The Seaman's Mission in London is worthy of liberal support. A missionary is employed to visit ships, lodging-houses, and hospitals, and hold religious and social services on behalf of the mariners who are to be found in London from all parts of the world. During the past year the Bible-class and temperance meetings have been numerously attended, and in the religious services there have been more than four hundred inquirers for salvation. On one occasion a Mohammedan and a Hindu were seeking the Lord together. On another occasion four men met in the missionary's study—a Norwegian, a Eurasian, a Fingo, and a Malay—all of whom were desirous to find Jesus.

Methodists throughout the world are remarkable for loyalty. During this jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign it is intended to raise a jubilee offering of $125,000 for educating and sheltering fifty destitute children.

Sir William McArthur, who some time ago gave $50,000 for the erection of a home for ministers' daughters in Belfast, proposes that $50,000 be raised for board and education at the home, and has promised to give $25,000 as a jubilee gift, providing that the Irish Methodists undertake to raise a similar sum.

Her Majesty's jubilee has been celebrated with great *eclat* in Fiji, and it is worthy of note that at the commencement of the Queen's reign there was not a Christian in Fiji, and now there is not a heathen. There had never been more than twelve missionaries at one time in Fiji; now there are three thousand native preachers, and the Rev. James Calvert testifies that they do the work much better than English preachers could do it.

It is estimated that the University of Cambridge has at present no fewer than four hundred Nonconformist and Methodist undergraduates among its resident students.

Other Methodist Bodies in England.

A united mission has been held in a large village in the Newcastle-on-Tyne district, at which four

branches of Methodists combined and special services were held in all the churches for one month. The houses were crowded night after night, and at the close a united communion service was held.

Considerable discussion has taken place respecting Methodist union. Ministers and laymen in all branches of Methodism have taken part. Dr. Rigg has been most conspicuous on one side. His latest utterance is found in the following paragraph :—

"And as time advances, while I hardly expect, or even desire, to see only one form of Methodism for this great and various realm of England, any more than for the wide world, I do hope that there will be a great federation of Methodist Churches, combining for many great objects, and recognizing each other with the most frank and cordial fraternity."

The Rev. Dr. Watts, formerly of Canada, has issued a well-written pamphlet, and the *Primitive Methodist Review* contains a symposium on the subject. As might be expected, some have written in an acrimonious spirit, but others were evidently actuated by the true spirit of Christian brethren.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Missionary conventions are being held in central places, which are attended by Dr. Reid, Chaplain McCabe, Missionary Secretaries and others. The object is to secure a million of dollars from subscriptions and collections. There is good reason for hope that this noble sum will be received for missions.

A Sunday-school of the Methodist Church in Wilmington, Del., has given to missions $38,000 in twenty-one years.

The mission steamer for Bishop Taylor in Africa has been completed and is now on its way to the Congo country. A reinforcement of missionaries has also been sent out, and a further reinforcement of self-denying labourers has been sent to South America.

The Syracuse University has secured a grand prize. A generous donor, who does not wish his name to be made known, has purchased the great Von Ranke historical library, and presented it to that institution. Noble gift.

"The King's Daughters." This is the name of a new organization which was commenced a few months ago by Mrs. Bottome, of New York. She has been called "the parlour evangelist." The society consists of ladies, who are known by a small badge made of purple ribbon with a small Maltese cross of silver attached. The letters I. H. N. are engraved on the little cross, and signify "In His Name." The motto adopted is, "Look up and not down; Look forward and not backward; Look out and not in, and lend a hand." Companies consist of ten each, and each member may form any number of tens. Each company can select its own work. In New York, one company selected the work of singing in the hospitals; another ten amused sick children. Sunday-schools have been organized. Poor districts have been selected for systematic visitation, and Bible readings have been instituted in parlours. Instances have been known in which the members of one company have relieved one of their number that was known to be in temporary financial difficulties. Mrs. Bottome has recently been called to Washington, where she spent several days holding Bible readings in the parlours of some of the wealthy citizens.

Barbara Home for emigrants. Some benevolent ladies in New York have established this home, where emigrants may sojourn for a short season after their arrival. The home is surrounded by lodging-houses, the inmates of which, it is hoped, will be drawn to the religious services which will be held regularly. Such an institution will be of great utility, and it is believed will preserve the virtue of many who might otherwise be ruined.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Bishop Wilson has returned from his voyage around the world with

improved health and a vast store of missionary information.

The Woman's Board of Missions is doing much valuable service in sending out and supporting ladies in the foreign field. Two ladies have just been sent to China, where female agency has been greatly owned by the Master.

During the interval of the Annual Conferences the Bishops employ much of their time in holding District Conferences, at which questions relating to the spiritual and temporal interests of the Church are discussed. Such conferences do much good, as they not only bring the people into the society of the Bishops, but also are often the means of promoting revivals of the work of God.

The Board of Church Extension is a valuable auxiliary to this Church. The report of the last annual meeting is before us, from which we learn that it has an income for church and parsonage buildings of $52,440.46. During the year it has helped fifty-one churches. There is a Woman's Department in connection with the Board which takes special charge of the parsonage department. Great good results to the Church from the united Board.

The Methodist Church.

The latest issue of the *Missionary Outlook* contains an interesting account of the first term of Tokyo College, from which we learn that there were eighty-four boarders and two hundred and forty-three day-pupils,—total three hundred and twenty-seven. Mr. Odlum, who has charge of the academic department, is greatly encouraged with the appearance of things.

The Rev. Alexander Hardie, M.A., late of Ottawa, has accepted a position in connection with an educational institution in Japan, where he will be able to render valuable aid to mission work, though not directly connected with the Missionary Society.

Mr. Vrooman, Chinese missionary in Victoria, British Columbia, has rescued four Chinese girls from dens of infamy by process of law. Several other poor girls have signified their desire to be saved from a similar fate. He wants a Home established to which he can send them for safety. Here is more work for the Woman's Missionary Society. A Home is also required for Indian girls in Nanaimo.

Additional missionaries are required for the Indian work in the North-West.

Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, visited Texas on his way to British Columbia, and preached greatly to the edification of those who heard him, so says the *Texas Advocate.* The Doctor will have the honour to hold the first Annual Conference held in British Columbia, after which he returns by the C.P.R. and holds the Manitoba Conference at Brandon.

Delightful tidings reach us respecting the labours of Brothers Crossley and Hunter. Windsor, Picton, and Cobourg have been largely benefited, and now Port Hope is enjoying "showers of blessing." God has truly put great honour upon these brethren. May they abound more and more. Also the Rev. David Savage and his bands have been engaged in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, and other parts of the Church. Our old friend, the Rev. Charles Fish, has held meetings with great success.

Among the graduates at Victoria University this year is to be found the name of Robert Steinhauer, son of the late Henry Steinhauer. He is the first Indian who has graduated at Victoria University, and is greatly beloved by all his fellow-students and the Professors of the University.

Dr. Potts has succeeded in securing in subscriptions for Victoria University Building and Endowment Fund the sum of $135,000.

The Death Roll.

Since our last issue several distinguished servants of the Church have been called from labour to rest.

The Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer, who was well known, not only as a faithful minister and missionary secre-

tary, but chiefly as a hymn-writer. His famous hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary," may be found in the hymn-books of most of the Evangelical Churches, and has been translated into twenty languages. His end was peace.

The Rev. Edward Day, of the Wesleyan Conference, England, was well known as the writer of Notes for the Sunday-school Lessons, which were published in the Wesleyan periodicals.

The Rev. W. N. Hall, a missionary in China, connected with the Methodist New Connexion, lived a life of great devotedness and died comparatively young. With him "the sword was too keen for the scabbard." After spending a few years in English circuits, where he was eminently useful, he went to the "Celestial Empire," where he was "in labours more abundant," winning the esteem of ministers of other Churches, who have written many valuable testimonies to his Christian worth.

The Rev. Wm. B. Cuyler, one of our missionaries in British Columbia, has almost literally died at his post. His labours were chiefly confined to the Indians at Bella Bella, where he was much beloved. Exposure in travel and lack of suitable medical attendance brought on the disease which hastened his death.

The Hon. David Preston, Detroit, Michigan, has also gone to his reward. He was a distinguished Methodist layman who for many years took deep interest in all the affairs of the Church. He was a member of the Ecumenical Conference of 1876, and took part at the dedication services of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. His sudden death was a surprise to many, as he almost "ceased at once to work and live."

Two distinguished gentlemen in Toronto died on the same day—the Rev. Dr. McCaul and Sheriff Jarvis. Both were well known and were highly esteemed.

The name of the Rev. Dr. Pilcher has now to be added to the sainted dead. He was a Methodist minister in Michigan for more than fifty years, and for many years was Presiding Elder. He was a diligent student and a frequent contributor to the Church periodicals. For some years he was connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, Canada. A stroke of paralysis received a few years ago was the precursor of his death. One of his sons is a missionary in China and another is a distinguished member of the medical profession.

Well Merited Honours.

Another distinguished Nova Scotian has been receiving well merited literary honours. The University of Queen's College, Kingston, has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon Mr. J. G. Bourinot, B.A., Clerk of the House of Commons. Mr. Bourinot was born in Sydney, Cape Breton, and forms one of that band of scholars and literary men that the Province of Nova Scotia has given to the Dominion. He is a contributor to the great periodicals of the Mother Country, and has made Canada widely known through the pages of the *Westminster Review*, *London Quarterly*, *Blackwood*, and the *Scottish Reviews*. His work on the Practice and Procedure of Parliament, with a view of the origin and growth of Parliamentary institutions in Canada, (said Vice-Chancellor Williamson, in presenting Mr. Bourinot for his degree), entitles him to the rank of the greatest living authority on the subject. Mr. Bourinot is a true Canadian, has faith in the future of Canada, and labours unceasingly to elevate its name and fame.

We are glad to observe that McGill University has recognized the distinguished ability and accurate scholarship of the Rev. Prof. Shaw, of the Wesleyan Theological College, by conferring upon him the degree of LL.D. We are confident that he will reflect lustre on the University and take rank with the foremost of the eminent men who are its alumni.

Book Notices.

Hours with the Bible; or, the Scriptures in the Light of Modern Discovery and Knowledge. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Six volumes, bound in three. New York: James Pott & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $4.50 per set.

Canadian readers follow with special interest the literary career of the Rev. Dr. Geikie from the fact that he was for some years an honoured resident of the city of Toronto. Few men living have laid students of the Bible under greater obligation than has he by his "Life and Words of Christ," and by the admirable series of volumes under review. A glance at the list of authorities used shows that he has made himself master of the most valuable literature on Bible themes in English, French and German. But this lore he has fused in the crucible of his own thought and stamped with the image of his own mind. We know not where the Bible student will find in such pleasing style so much valuable assistance for the better understanding of the sacred books. Many of the great commentaries are much harder to understand than the text they attempt to explain. Dr. Geikie, on the contrary, makes plain to the simplest mind the discoveries of recent science and criticism, and throws new light upon the sacred page. The purpose of the volumes is well expressed in the author's own words: "My aim in this new undertaking, which involves almost more labour than my 'Life and Words of Christ,' has been to bring all I can gather from every available source to bear on the illustration of the Scriptures. I should like to supply what Dr. Arnold used to long for—'a people's hand-book to the Bible'—not a dry series of papers, but a pleasant, attractive illumination of its pages by the varied lights of modern research and discovery."

In this endeavour, Dr. Geikie has been singularly successful, and the result is in these handsome volumes, the best popular apparatus we know for the study of the sacred volume.

The specialty of the present edition is that the six volumes of the original edition, averaging over 500 pages each, are here printed from the original plates with all the wood engravings, and neatly bound, for just half the original price. This is not a surreptitious and pirated edition on thin paper from poor plates, but one in which the author's rights are recognized. We heartily commend the book to Sunday-school teachers, ministers, and indeed to all the students of the sacred word. It covers the entire range of the Old Testament period, from the Creation to Malachi.

Old Testament Characters. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. With 71 illustrations. New York: Jas. Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii.–484. Price $1.50.

This is in some sense a companion volume or condensed epitome of some prominent portions of the six volumes of "Hours with the Bible." It possesses more individual history and personal interest. It is not a mere abstract of the larger work, but is an entirely independent composition. The wonderful march of Bible personages from Noah to Nehemiah passes before us, and Dr. Geikie finds ample scope for the employment of his graphic pen, his spiritual insight, his practical applications. It will be admirable Sunday reading for either old or young.

The Bride of the Nile. By GEORGE EBERS, Author of "The Egyptian Princess," etc. From the German by CLARA BELL. 2 vols. New York: William Gottsberger. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Ebers is probably the greatest living Egyptologist and archæolo-

gist. He possesses also the rare faculty of making the dead past live again, lit up with a thousand natural touches which we seek in vain from books of archæology or history. In the volumes under review he selects for illustration the transition period of the seventh century of our era, when Egypt was snatched from the failing grasp of the Byzantine Empire by the fiery vigour of the Khalif Omar. The conflict between Christianity and the spreading Moslem superstition or rather fanaticism, and of the complications arising therefrom, are set forth with all the skill of the accomplished author of "Uarda." Jew and Greek, Christian and Moslem, meet and mingle in these crowded pages as they did in the thronging streets of Memphis in those early centuries so long ago. Like all Ebers' writings, these volumes give much historical information in a very entertaining form.

Aphrodite: A Romance of Ancient Hellas. By ERNST ECKSTEIN. From the German by MARY J. SAFFORD. New York: William Gottsberger. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

This is an idyl of ancient Greece, with, towards its close, some tragic episodes. It is, we judge, of inferior interest to Ebers' graphic pages, noticed above, and inferior, too, to Eckstein's stirring stories of the Roman period. The period, religious ideas, etc., are so remote from our sympathies that it is hard to awaken an interest in the subject. The pictures of artist life in Hellas, are, however, vivid and of classic grace.

Organic Union of Canadian Churches, with a Comparison of Authorized Standards. By the Very Rev. JAMES CARMICHAEL, M.A., D.C.L., Dean of Montreal.

This is a beautiful irenicon to the Canadian Churches. It breathes a spirit of ardent longing for the union of the three leading religious bodies of this country, and points out the special facilities for such union existing among us and the advantages certain to accrue therefrom. It enumerates the many and vital points of agreement between these Churches as compared with the points of difference. We heartily concur in the devout prayer with which the treatise closes: "May God grant that as points of agreement are more clearly recognized and their value realized, a spirit may be born which may lead us to approach our differences as the long-parted brothers of the one household of faith, anxious at least to do what is best for the glory of God."

Curiosities of the Bible. By a New York Sunday-school Superintendent, with an introduction by REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D. Sixtieth Thousand; 8vo. Pp. 606. New York: E. B. Treat. Toronto: W. Briggs. Price $2.00.

This book is the summary of a large experience in devising methods and incentives to interest children and those of older growth in Bible study. It contains such questions or exercises as will excite in the mind of Bible readers and seekers after truth a curiosity to know how, when, where, and under what circumstances the facts contained in this volume occurred. To secure these, and other kindred matter, a vast range of Biblical literature has been searched. The maps are of much value, some of the blackboard diagrams are suggestive, but the smaller illustrations are inferior to the rest of the book.

Some Aspects of the Blessed Life. By MARK GUY PEARSE. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.00.

The visit to Canada of the genial and accomplished author of "Daniel Quorm" has been a means of blessing to thousands. His fervid piety, his deep spirituality, his practical methods of Christian work, have greatly aroused the churches which have enjoyed his ministrations. A new interest in his writings has been created. None will read those writings without great spiritual profit. These papers on the "Blessed Life" will be a means of grace to all who thoroughly peruse them.

Who Was He? Six Short Stories about some of the Mysterious Characters and Well-Kept Secrets of Modern Times. By HENRY FREDERIC REDDALLS. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

We had the pleasure of reading a great part of this book in MS. and were at the time greatly interested in the subjects and in their vivacious and lucid treatment. Among the stories are that of the son of Louis XVI. supposed to have died in the Temple Prison, but here shown to have been probably identical with the Rev. E. Williams, a missionary to the American Indians, who died 1858. The strange stories of the Man of the Iron Mask, of Perkyn Warbeck, of Caspar Hauser, of the Wandering Jew, of the Junius-quest, are recounted in a manner to interest both young and old.

Spiritual Conferences—Kind Thoughts, Kind Words, Kind Actions. By the REV. F. W. FABER, D.D. New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents.

This is a dainty little book, breathing the kindly spirit of one of the saintliest of souls. Its reading brightens the mind like a glint of sunshine and gladdens it like a strain of exquisite music. The following is its closing, quaint, and beautiful conceit: "Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world whereon the sheep of Christ feed quietly beneath the Shepherd's eye."

The Will-Power. Its Range in Action. By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D. New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

This is an admirable book on an important subject. The author recognizes that the great cause of failure in life is infirmity of will. Will conquers circumstance and plucks success from the most adverse conditions. It says No! to the strongest temptations, and defies the greatest odds. It even, as the author with the skill of an accomplished physician points out, often triumphs over disease and prolongs life and usefulness. Most important then is the guidance and control of the will-power in relation to self-culture, both mental and moral. On these subjects our author utters words of pith and wisdom.

The Methodist Church Members' Manual. By J. E. GODBEY, D.D. St. Louis: South Western Publishing Company.

This book is well described as "a hand-book for every Methodist." It sets forth the duties and privileges of the Church membership in a very concise, forcible manner, together with a brief summary of Methodist doctrine. We cordially commend it, especially to young Methodists.

Grace Magnified. Evangelistic Addresses and Bible Reading. By FERDINAND SCHIVEREA. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price 75 cents.

Mr. Schiverea has made many friends during his evangelistic visit to Canada. His labours have been greatly owned of God. This volume contains a number of his characteristic discourses, together with a sketch of his remarkable personal experiences, which reads like a chapter of romance.

The Skeptic's Creed: Can It be Reasonably Held? By NIVISON LORAINE. New York: James Pott & Co. Price 50 cents.

This is a brief examination of the popular aspects of modern unbelief, showing their contradiction, their dogmatism, their bigotry, their narrowness, their falseness and their failure. A good book for any candid skeptic.

The Pastor in His Closet. By the BISHOP OF GRAHAMSTOWN, South Africa. New York: James Pott & Co. Price 60 cents.

Useful meditations and prayers for the cultivation of personal piety.

Was Moses Wrong? By PASTOR JOSHUA DENOVAN. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price $1.00.

In this volume Mr. Denovan adds an admirable contribution to the literature of Christian evidences. He shows how the plain unvarnished teachings of Scripture are corroborated by the most recent science, and how the false assumptions of certain pseudo-scientists are confirmed by neither reason nor revelation. A vigorously written and trenchant book.

New Science of Elocution: The Elements and Principles of Vocal Expression. By S. G. HAMELL, M.A. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

Elocution, we think, it is almost impossible to teach successfully without a living instructor. Where such cannot be had, we judge that this book will prove as efficient a substitute as any that can be obtained. The system is commended by practical teachers as philosophical and scientific.

Praise: Meditations on the One Hundred and Third Psalm. By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: T. Woolmer.

This is another of Mr. Pearse's delightful books of devout and deeply spiritual meditations. Those who heard his beautiful sermon on "Bless the Lord, O my soul" will be delighted to find it here reproduced. Mr. Pearse's ministrations by his pen are much more far-reaching and influential for good than even his soul-stirring spoken address. The book is beautifully printed with a red-lined margin.

Skipper George Netman, of Caplin Bight: A Story of Out-port Methodism in Newfoundland. By the REV. GEO. J. BOND. London: T. Woolmer.

We are not a little proud that this touching story, which first appeared in the pages of this MAGAZINE, has found such a beautiful embodiment and illustration in the dainty volume before us. The artist has given us heads and faces of the stout skipper and of good old Uncle Tommy full of character, like real persons. The sealing scenes and fishing hamlets are admirably done. We congratulate Brother Bond on this beautiful setting of his beautiful story.

A Manual of Christian Doctrine. By the REV. JOHN S. BANKS. London: T. Woolmer.

This is an excellent compendium of Christian doctrine by the accomplished theological tutor of the Headingly Wesleyan College, Leeds. It is logical in arrangement, clear in statement, and cogent in argument. A scholarly and thoroughly Wesleyan setting forth of Arminian theology.

LITERARY NOTE.

The Minutes of the 76 Fall Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church makes a stout octavo of 296 pages. Our Canadian Conferences might with advantage adopt the mode of condensation here exhibited.

The *New Princeton Review* for May contains a notably varied and vigorous series of articles from writers of the first rank. H. Taine's brilliant study of "Napoleon Bonaparte" is a most scathing and searching analysis of the character and career of the great soldier and leaves hardly a shred of the Napoleonic tradition. Ex-President Noah Porter contributes an able discussion on "Physiological Ethics." "Astronomical Photography" is described by Professor Charles A. Young, who sees in this wonderful art the largest possibilities of future advance and adaptation. The editorial departments are varied and strong. The record of public events is especially valuable.